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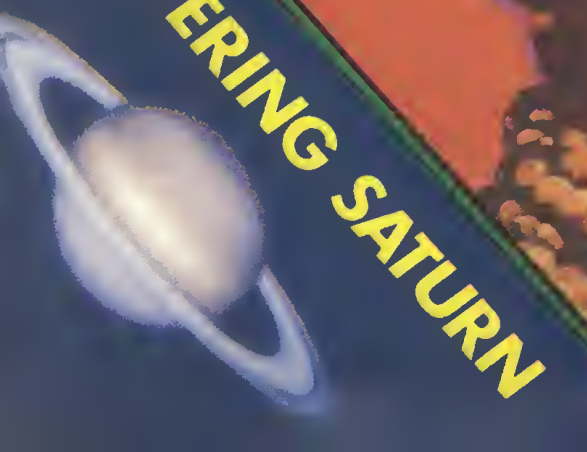
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Left of punk

Vancouver singer Susan Jacks found fame as half of The Poppy Family. Today her singing is so middle of the road you can almost hear the white line **Page 38**

Men who knew too much

Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry trades blow for blow with Ottawa in a confrontation that brings the commission into RCMP wrongdoing into the open again **Page 40**







COVER ILLUSTRATION BY GABRIEL CSAKANY

COVER STORY

Struggling for rights

As the Helsinki review talks stutter on in Madrid, the mutual denunciations of East and West are smothering the cries of the victims of man's inhumanity to man. The hunger of the refugees goes unsatisfied, the instruments of torture grow more refined and difficult to detect — except in the broken psyches of the tortured. Yet if the governments are failing, the struggle for human rights continues to be waged by individuals **Page 25**



For better or for worse

Cartoonist Lynn Johnston delivers a daily message of good cheer to 40 million readers. Fans are right to identify her with guilt-ridden, frazzled heroine Elly. That's her **Page 16**

A space odyssey

The Voyager 1 spaceship sailed past the glistening rings of Saturn last week, sending magical photographs and startling data back to scientists on Earth **Page 32**

CONTENTS

Editorial 3
Backstage: Ottawa 4
Podium: Fraser Sutherland 8
This Canada 10
Profile: Lynn Johnston 16
Follow-up 20
Letters 24
World 25
The human rights conundrum: tug-of-war in Madrid. Canada's human rights record: new leader for Britain's Labour Party
U.S.A. 32
Washington cast changes. Georgetown academics with CIA ties. Saturn probe
Sports 36
Trent Frayne/Column 37
People 38
Canada 40
RCMP secrets will out. BNA on the front burner. Ryan's rewrite. War of the Worlds 2: flagging. Peckford, Stratford curtain dropper. National Gallery detection
Business 47
Midland Doherty. ITT
Environment 50
A new generation of nerve gas weapons
Behavior 51
The continuing cycle of family violence
Labor 54
Art 58
The transcendent touch of J.M.W. Turner
Books 61
Photography 66
Donald McCullin—chronicler of suffering
Theatre 69
Rich resources in the West
Allan Fotheringham/Column 72

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Editorial

Stratford: 'This was the most unkindest cut of all'



By Peter C Newman

The last echoes of the numerous curtain calls that followed his final performance had at last died out and a fan rushed forward to press a nosegay of roses into his hands. Peter Ustinov, whose magnificent portrayal of King Lear has illuminated the Stratford stage for the past two seasons, bowed and told his adoring audience "This is one of the world's great theatre companies and it must go on . . ." Then, with a gesture typical of his craft, Ustinov threw the flowers to Martha Henry, one of the quartet of Canadian directors who had been assigned the task of planning the festival's 1981 season. He intoned in his best King Lear baritone "Here is the future!"

But Ustinov was wrong.

In what may rank as the dumbest decision ever made by the board of any of our Canadian cultural institutions (harbors of ineptitude that make such superlatives difficult to justify), the Stratford governors last week decided that the future should belong to John Dexter, a distinguished British director and the fifth Englishman to head Canada's national theatre.

When Sir Tyrone Guthrie first came out to establish the festival in 1953, it was his hope that Canadians would eventually be groomed to take over. There is no shortage of candidates. Quite apart from the worthy quartet that had already been picked for the job, Bill Glassco, John Hirsch, William Hutt, Alan Lund, Leon Major and Canada Council Chairman Mavor Moore are but a few of the candidates who come to mind.

Floyd Chalmers, the Toronto publishing executive who was Stratford's board chairman between 1966 and 1968, appointed the festival's only Canadian artistic director to date. He was Jean Gascon, the former driving spirit of Montreal's Théâtre du Nouveau-Monde, whose productions enlivened the Stratford stage for seven seasons. "I'm totally opposed to importing international directors," Chalmers maintains. "What provides the festival with its international audience and prestige is the *quality* of its productions."

There is a simple way out of this mess. Federal, provincial and municipal grants to Stratford total $910,000, and even though box-office receipts amount to just under $5 million Stratford still runs annual deficits. The only excuse for diverting public funds to the festival is to strengthen its function of helping to evolve an indigenous Canadian theatrical tradition.

Until that smug huddle of blinkered blunderers who make up the festival's board of governors recognize this basic reason for their existence, all public funding to the Stratford Festival should be cut off. Otherwise, Stratford will become like King Lear's torn estate—a monarchy without a following.

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Ottawa, sewers and sorghum

By John Hay



Let it be said at the start, it's a good thing for Prime Minister Trudeau to make an issue (and his next job?) out of the compelling need for a new deal between rich and poor countries. Whatever sluggish momentum has been already achieved toward new North-South negotiations needs all the diplomatic shoving Trudeau can bring to bear. This is especially true now that Washington's foreign policy has stalled in the Carter-Reagan transition. The more leaders Trudeau can remind of these matters the better, in Saudi Arabia this week or anywhere else. And if, on the road to one summit or other, he finds work in some international organization—so much the better.

But diplomacy is not development. True, there may be a global moral in the numbing immensity of the numbers: the 12 million children under 5 dying of hunger in a single year; the 34 countries where at least 80 per cent of the people cannot read; the 800 million people in the world who are destitute, hungry and diseased. But there are no lessons in all this, much less action. In fact, the miasma formed of diplomatic hot air and unimaginable statistics often conceals the real questions that governments in poor countries must try to answer every day. Case in point: an estimated one-third of all the children under 5 who die in poor countries are killed by diarrhea. One answer, obviously, is to separate water from sewage. Bangkok, for instance, has a population of 4.5 million and no sewer system at all. But are sewers and treatment plants the answer when they cost, per household, far more to provide than color television sets? Would privies work as well? In Ottawa, almost utterly unknown to Canadians, there is a government agency that has become a world leader in attacking such hard choices—the International Development Research Centre (IDRC).



IDRC President Ivan Head: whispering

The IDRC is financed by Parliament (with $42.6 million this year), but it is run independently and draws half its board of governors from outside Canada. Its budget is trifling next to the $1.2 billion passing through the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) this year. But its mandate is different: to support research in the problems of development. The IDRC pays people to find ways to improve life in underdeveloped countries, it doesn't provide dams or railways or nuclear power plants. The people it pays almost all come from the poor countries themselves, and they come with their own research ideas.

Joe Hulse, who has headed the IDRC's agriculture division since the centre opened in 1970, speaks the philosophy that dominates the place. "Our research must be for somebody's benefit, not just to amaze other scientists." Example: Hulse isn't interested in finding new strains of coffee or cotton—the sort of export crop promoted by the old colonial regimes. Instead, he concentrates on food crops: cassava, millet, sorghum, rice and the other indigenous subsistence crops long neglected by Western-trained experts in the underdeveloped world. Nor does Hulse buy the cliché about transplanting Western know-how—"I'm not a great believer in the transfer of technology." African researchers, for example, adopted the principle of a small village-scale flour mill designed in Saskatchewan, but redesigned its innards to match local customs and grains.

Then there's Michael McGarry, associate director of the health division, who argues that education counts for as much as fresh wells and sewers in eradicating water-borne disease. Only when families learn basic hygiene will the new village pump wash away cholera or dysentery with a flow of clean water. It is McGarry who asks whether sewers are right for poor countries today. As part of Tanzania's nationwide latrine-building program, the IDRC is testing a new composting toilet that turns waste into fertilizer.

David Steedman, head of the social science division, makes another point about IDRC projects: they aim as much to build up local research skills as to produce specific results. "The process we're funding," he says, "is as important or more important than the product." To illustrate, a project in Nigeria to compare the productivity of large farms, which get the bulk of government support, to that of small farms, which produce 90 per cent of the country's food. Similarly, the IDRC's information sciences group helps such countries plug into the expanding world networks of data banks to cross-pollinate ideas and prevent duplication of research effort.

Establishment of the IDRC was a pet project of Lester Pearson's after he stepped down in 1968, and the centre has been managed by a series of heavyweight mandarins from the beginning. The newly named board chairman is Donald Macdonald, the former finance minister. Its president is Ivan Head, former foreign affairs adviser to Trudeau and still an influential voice whispering in the prime minister's ear. It seems likely, in fact, that Head's influence and the IDRC's view of the world will acquire unprecedented importance in Ottawa in the coming year. Trudeau has indicated he wants to make development a central theme at the seven-nation Western summit to be held in Ottawa next summer. He is also in the throes of promoting a summit meeting of selected leaders from rich and poor countries next spring. And then there is the Commonwealth summit scheduled to take place next summer in Melbourne. If such unglamorous issues as sewers and sorghum can displace any of the usual pinstripe posturing, all to the good.

John Hay is a *Maclean's* staff writer in Ottawa



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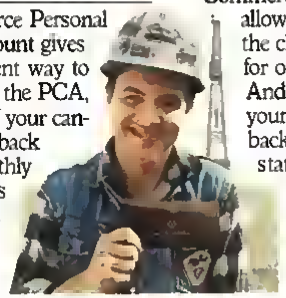
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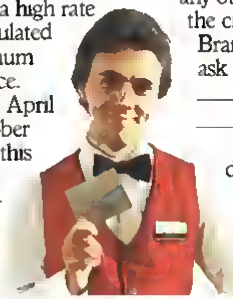


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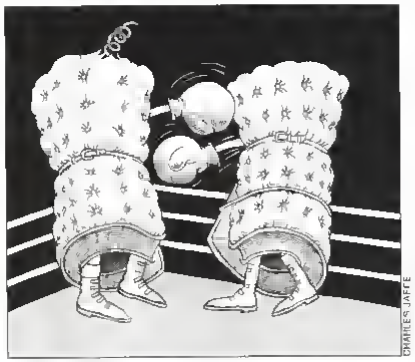
'Don't tame the savage, beautiful sport of boxing'

By Fraser Sutherland



The time is 1959, the place a Nova Scotian farm kitchen, and a tubby, bespectacled kid presses an ear to a static-prone radio. That kid was me and, trembling with excitement, I was listening to Floyd Patterson defend his world heavyweight boxing title. Ever since—at ringsides from Glace Bay, Canada, to Barranquilla, Colombia—I've thrilled to the combat called "the manly art of self-defence." No other sport has boxing's complex mix of feet, hands and brain, of a great fighter's leopard sleekness and balletic grace.

Since June, when Cleveland Denny died after being knocked out by Gaetan Hart in a Montreal ring, boxing has once again been under attack. This time, however, the federal government has commissioned the Task Force on Boxing in Canada, which will present its interim report by Dec. 31. I pray that it won't turn the savage, beautiful sport I love into something tame and unrecognizable.



CHARLES JAFFE

The rules of boxing have changed little since the Marquis of Queensberry civilized them in 1867. Gloves. Three-minute rounds with a minute's rest between them. No hitting below the belt or when an opponent is down. Tactically, self-defence—not inflicting punishment—is still a fighter's main concern. A boxer's best weapons are not his taped fists inside eight-ounce gloves, but how he defends himself against attack.

Each time someone dies after a bout, as did Welshman Johnny Owen earlier this month, the well-intentioned howl for boxing's abolition. Too violent, they yell. Other pro sports aren't violent, of course. No football linebacker ever landed in hospital, no hockey player was ever carted off the ice after a bone-crushing check. Carmen Basilio, who fought some of the roughest ring battles ever, now teaches baseball at an upstate New York college. "The kids here worry me," he has said. "I'm always afraid one of them is gonna get hit on the head with a foul tip."

The ignorant think that boxers hate each other. In fact, there's only mutual respect. After flooring Muhammad Ali last month, world heavyweight champion Larry Holmes observed that "when you fight a friend—to me, a brother—and you do what you have to do, you can't get happiness from it." As for Ali, it wasn't just money that made him lose 30 pounds and mercilessly drive his body for a comeback chance at the title, but a mental dervish that kept calling "I am the greatest." Call it ego, call it the pride of a little Kentucky boy who once had his bicycle stolen and resolved to be so tough that no one would ever do it again. But call it courage and real life, whatever you do.

Since the early 19th century, when the Virginia slave Tom Molineux won freedom from his white owner by trouncing a plantation bully, the underprivileged have used boxing to whip their environment. From logging camps, fishing villages, steel mills, coal mines and ghetto street corners they came. Jews, Poles, Italians, Irishmen, blacks—and Canadians like Yvon Durelle and George Chuvalo. Pro boxing is built on hope, the Cinderella story, the big pay day. Call that real life, too.

But there are risks to professionalism. Bobby Beaton, referee-in-chief of the Nova Scotia Boxing Authority and a member of the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame, told me: "If you're a professional, you take your chances." He thinks the rules need only a few changes to make boxing safer; what is vital is better enforcement. Sound referee training is one way to ensure that fights are stopped when they should be—and it's no job for the slow, the timid or the thick-witted. Work is also under way to create computerized fight records so that no boxer prone to serious injury enters the ring. If a boxer is knocked out in training, it should be reported. Pro boxers should carry a passport-like card that records significant career and medical details. Such a card might have saved Cleveland Denny's life in a career tailspin. Denny likely should not have faced the tough Gaetan Hart. But no matter what reforms are made, fatal accidents may happen. That fact of life—one any boxer admits to before stepping into the ring—shouldn't result in compulsory headgear, powderpuff-padded gloves or multiple ringside doctors, all proposals that the government task force is considering. Most important, the conditioned panic of those who would abolish boxing should never coerce a jittery government into banning a unique blend of courage and skill.

Last year, I watched some amateurs box in Stellarton, N.S. Floyd Patterson, almost as baby-faced and trim, bodied as he was in the ring 20 years before, was there with a touring busload of American kids, one of many ex-champions dedicated to giving impoverished youngsters a fighting chance. I got his autograph and watched him between rounds, gently counselling one of his boys.

The round started. A local kid's mother called out, "Hit him with your jab, hon!" The jab is the most important punch in boxing. It is not a knockout punch. Admirably defending himself, the boy took his mother's advice and won a decision.

If that kid ever turns professional, I hope that he'll be fighting in a safer sport, but one that still tests cunning and courage, one that still offers the unexpected tenderness of what's a common boxing spectacle: after 10 rounds of warfare, two exhausted adversaries circling the ring with arms around each other.

Fraser Sutherland lives in Pictou County, N.S., and writes fiction and poetry.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANGUS DE CALCAFY

Colatta, Harvay, Linda, Jody, Harvay (below), a long litany of complaints

Darsch, daughters Jody, Linda bahind him (left), Colatte (top), Darsch and granddaughter Kally touch and go

This Canada

The old home ranch ain't what she used to be

By Paul Grescoe

It happened, as it does, inevitably The Dersches were away helping neighbors brand cattle last May when the grey cloud carpeted their ranch in the Porcupine Hills of southwestern Alberta. The gritty powder, which for 10 days irritated the cattle's eyes and nostrils and coated the grass they fed on, was ash from Mount St Helens, the Washington state volcano that had erupted roughly 800 km to the southwest It was another reminder that Alberta's ranchers, despite their reputation as independent, free-spirited free-enterprisers, cannot escape the rest of the world In a petroleum-rich province that keeps trying to free itself from Eastern Canada's historical economic armlock, cattlemen continue to depend on markets in the East for their survival: about 60 per cent of their beef is sent by truck and train to wholesalers in Quebec

Their dependence on outside forces rankles ranchers like 43-year-old Harvey Dersch, and that anger, at its worst, moves talk around to the imagined advantages of western separatism. "We've fed the East for too long," he says "I'm getting tired of paying the freight both ways"—a scratch of the old itch that western farmers pay once to ship to Eastern Canada and then pay again to have processed flour sent back west. As a rancher, Dersch also resents the federal government's quotas that prevent him from selling his beef directly to the United States "We'd be better off if we could deal with the States As a rule, their prices are better. And right now, with our low Canadian dollar, their market looks pretty good " There is a pause for effect. "So, when the ranchers hear this separatist talk, they're for it."

But what irks Dersch and other cattlemen almost as much is the fact that ranchers aren't as crucial to the Albertan economy as they once were. Back in the days before 1971 when the Social Credit party still formed the provincial government, the land and its keepers were kings—had been, in fact, since the Socreds came to power in 1935 by promising to feed and protect Depression-wracked Albertans. And the ranchers were happy enough even when Peter Lougheed and his Conservatives broke down the door, so long as they had a strong character like Hugh (Doc) Horner (Jack's brother) representing them in the provincial cabinet as Alberta's minister of agriculture. But Horner was soon moved to another job, and the oil technocrats took over The ranchers saw the beginning of the end They may raise more beef cows than anyone else—38 7 per cent of Canada's 3 95 million head—but agriculture's contribution to Alberta's gross domestic product (GDP) is now a sixth of mining's (which includes oil and gas royalties and accounts for 32 per cent of the GDP) Even manufacturing, which has never been Alberta's fancy hat, contributes more

Harvey Dersch sees the inevitability of it all, yet bristles at what he perceives as the neglect of agriculture by the Lougheed government. "Government's main concern is the oil industry They don't seem to be worrying about ranching—at all And I'm really a die-hard Conservative " Dersch berates the provincial government for what he sees as Alberta's weak land-ownership regulations "Foreign investors are coming in and buying up the land and putting an unrealistic price on it, and the land is just sitting there " Grassland in the area that went for $35 an acre two decades ago routinely sells for $400 now

Land prices, government controls, freight rates the litany of complaints is long The reality is that Alberta's veteran ranchers are reasonably well off these days From 1974 to 1977, when there was so much Canadian beef that prices collapsed, ranchers slashed production after they lost about $400 million Naturally, both wholesale cattle and retail beef prices rose again "Starting early in 1978, prices have risen dramatically," says Charles Gracey of the Canadian Cattlemen's Association, who predicts that the boom-and-bust cycle of the '70s will be much more moderate during this decade Harv Dersch says one reason for today's strong cattle prices is that people are eating less pork as it becomes more expensive

"It's touch and go sometimes, but the land is paid for," says Dersch's wife, Colette Their 2,560 acres, which they share with her in-laws, Walter and Rose Dersch, lie amid the Porcupine Hills about 80 km north of the Montana border This is the southern end of the stretch of cow country that outdoor writer Andy Russell, in *Men of the Saddle*, calls "the tenderloin cut of the beef industry of Canada " The Rockies rise in the west and these olive-hued foothills are painted with saskatoon and rose hip bushes and dotted with deer and elk, sharp-tailed grouse and Hungarian partridge On a reservation next door to the Dersches are Piegan Indians who have made both men honorary chiefs On their own land the ranchers can still see traces of two rows of boulders that the Indians used last century as a giant funnel to stampede buffalo over a cliff

Walter is a young 79, his red, wrinkled face framed in a peaked cap and



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punctuated with a pipe. His gnarled left hand is missing two fingers sliced off by a grain loader. "Hard work and a country life help people live longer," his wife says. Joshes Walter. "Having a good husband has a lot to do with it." His family left Germany in 1855 to settle in the U.S. and then moved from the Dakotas in 1902 to homestead near the present ranch outside Fort MacLeod, which began as a Mountie outpost. The Dersches' early years were typically tough: in 1907, two years after Alberta joined Confederation, Walter's father lost all his cattle in a spring blizzard. But he hung on and in 1923 Walter and a brother bought their father's spread. Starting with about $40 in cash ("and a lot of ambition"), they built the 20 head of Hereford into a major operation. Walter Dersch took over the cattle and during the Second World War moved onto the ranch he now runs with his son.

By that time Walter had married his Italian wife, Rose. They had a daughter and a son, Harvey. Harv met his wife, Colette, who is French, at a country dance and married her when she was 16 and he was 18. In 26 years the younger Dersches have raised five daughters (who have given them four grandchildren) as they kept trying for a boy who would inherit the ranch. Instead it may go to the youngest, 11-year-old Jody, who was out riding with her Dad recently when she popped the big one: "Do you suppose you can hang on to the ranch long enough until I'm big enough to take over?" The ranch now boasts 120 cows, a cross of hardy Hereford and exotic Simmental, along with 115 calves and about 60 yearlings.

The elder Dersches spend their summers in a stucco house near their son's place, but lately they have been wintering in Palm Springs, far from the hard Alberta winters that occasionally soften with chinooks. They recall the Christmas of '32 when they lost 13 head of cattle to disease, and as recently as '67 when several calves died in snow two metres deep in May. "And what year did the lightning kill the seven cows, three calves and a horse?" Rose Dersch wonders. No one seems to know. "Well," her daughter-in-law Colette says, "we've been through droughts, we've been rained out and hailed out." "And we've had some good years," Rose reminds her as they sit in Colette's kitchen where the inevitable pot of coffee brews on the stove. And on the wall a plaque helps explain why the two families have remained on the ranch in spite of cruel nature and callous government. It's called "A Farmer's Creed" and says in part: "I believe a man's greatest possession is his dignity, and that no calling bestows this more abundantly than farming."



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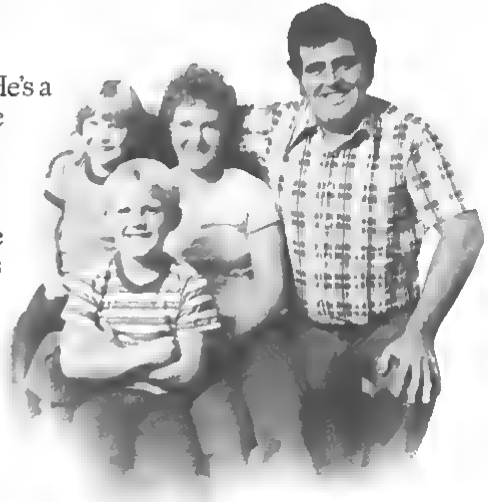
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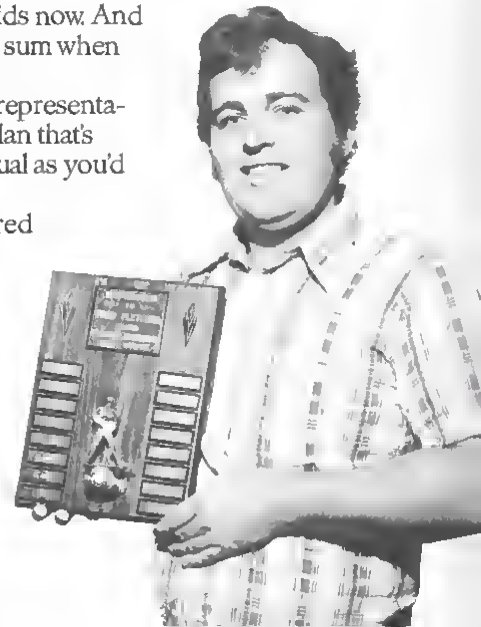
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A cartoonist for better or for worse

By Ann Finlayson

Not long ago, in a flurry of media attention greeting the arrival on the funny pages of yet another accomplished Canadian cartoonist, Lynn Johnston was misquoted as lamenting, "Mea culpa is my middle name." Bewildered when she read it, she looked it up "I couldn't have said it I didn't even know what mea culpa meant," she says ruefully "But I do now And it's true, it's true " The rush of interest that puts words in her mouth and causes television crews to follow her all the way home to Lynn Lake, Man (population, 2 225) hasn't exactly rattled her, but it has made her feel well, a little guilty about the unexpected success of her family comic strip, *For Better or for Worse*, which delivers a daily message of domestic good cheer (with a feminist twist) to more than 40 million readers around the world

Fans of *For Better or for Worse* are perfectly right to identify the 33-year-old Johnston with the wistfully guilt-ridden, slightly frazzled Elly—wife and mother of two—who struggles womanfully on the funny pages to exorcise, through goodwill, her sardonic view of marriage and motherhood

"Lynn is firmly in the tradition of domestic cartoonists," says Jim Unger, Ottawa-based perpetrator of the diabolical carryings-on in *Herman* "I see her strip as a Dagwood and Blondie for the '80s " But Johnston's self-doubts, fits of pique and tussles with changing roles blend tradition with introspection with the result that *For Better or for Worse* has attracted a mixed bag of fans—from teen-agers who think it's "funny" and housewives who identify strongly with Elly, to grown men who can see themselves in John, Elly's well-meaning but beleaguered husband

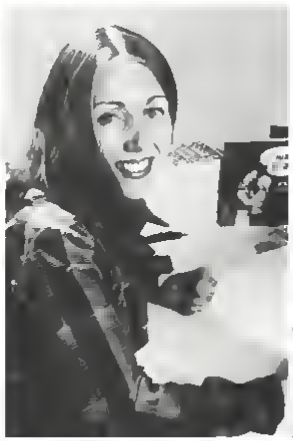
"I do try to keep the situations *real*," says Johnston "I've never been interested in doing pigs that talk, that sort of thing I take real-life situations and give them a little twist Elly has all the problems any mother with a couple of little kids underfoot has She *is* liberated, but it's hard "

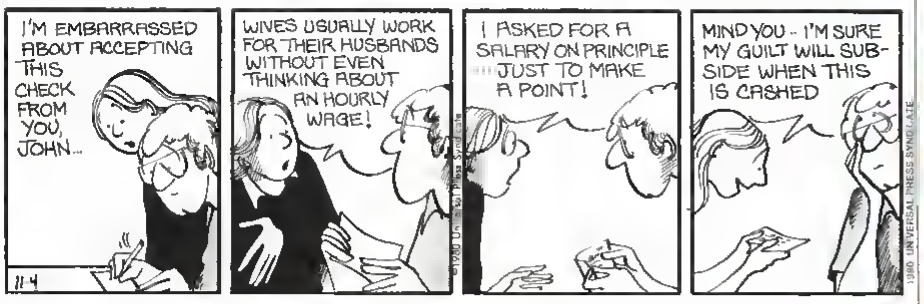
In her down moments, Elly brings to mind a saucer-eyed Woody Allen—forever coping, frequently misunderstood, puzzled that, in spite of husband John's willingness to share the load the burdens of family life inevitably fall on her shoulders When John tries to help by washing the kitchen floor, that great symbol of female oppression, Elly is torn between gratitude and the nagging suspicion that the floor should never have been dirty in the first place—and *it's her fault that it is* When John surprises her by hiring a cleaning woman, Elly tears around like a mad thing, scrubbing and polishing in guilt-stricken anticipation—an old theme that clearly strikes a responsive chord among the millions of women who see themselves portrayed with uncanny accuracy as they negotiate the shoals of domesticity in times of liberation Old guilt, new perspective "Most of my letters are from women," Johnston says, "and most of them are written as they would be to a close friend There's something there that makes them think we all share the same problems And, of course, we do "

"In a way, Lynn and I are dinosaurs," says *Toronto Star* columnist Gary Lautens, whose new book, *Take My Family Please*, is embellished with 33 Johnston illustrations "We both believe in the traditional values of family life and we both use family experiences for inspiration " But Lautens lives and works in downtown Toronto like many of the readers of *For Better or for Worse*, who chuckle over its big-city tone in every major market in North America as well as in Italy, Australia, New Zealand and even Japan They would be surprised to learn that the strip's domestic verities originate in Lynn Lake—a dot on the map 1,200 km north of the U S border

Four years ago, Johnston and her dentist husband, Rod, returned to his home town from Hamilton, Ont , where she had been working as a medical artist at the McMaster University School of Medicine "I began there doing straightforward illustrations," she recalls, "but occasionally I would do a cartoon if it seemed to make the point better " A series on the joys and irritations of pregnancy, done "for fun" for her obstetrician, were collected into her 1974 book, *David, We're Pregnant*, and

Johnston daily message of good cheer









You can pour whisky

published in Canada. Two more collections followed—*Hi Mom, Hi Dad* and *Do They Ever Grow Up?* Their success caught the attention of the Universal Press Syndicate in Mission, Kan., which signed Johnston on for a daily strip with an $80,000-a-year, 10-year contract.

"We had been looking for a contemporary family strip for a long time," says Lee Salem, who edits *For Better or for Worse* and also handles such funnies favorites as Garry Trudeau's cerebral *Doonesbury*, Cathy Guisewite's unhappily liberated *Cathy* and Jim Unger's *Herman*. "When we introduced it a year ago last May," says Salem, "Lynn's strip was an instant success, mostly I think because of its air of reality about [moments of] conflict within the marriage situation. She handles those with real precision. She's never saccharine and she keeps her material believable."

Not surprisingly, Universal has plans to bring out a collection of the strips next year. A television special is a possibility for the future, as is a line of spin-off products. "Right now I'm not even thinking about all that," sighs Johnston. "It was suggested that maybe I could introduce a dog into the strip. Well, I may do that—I had been considering it, in fact—but I would *never* do it just to sell a stuffed animal." Beginning Nov. 11 the dog did appear.

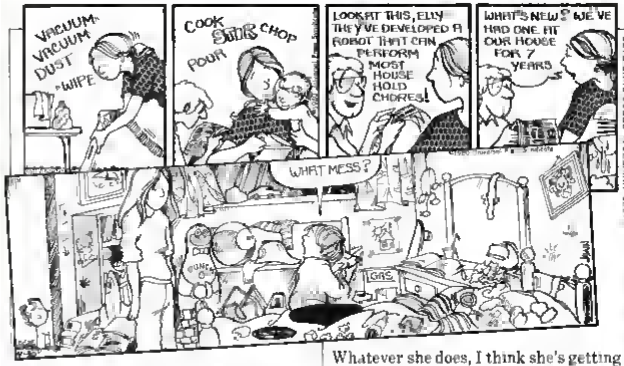
The pressures of producing a daily strip leave little time for extra projects anyway. Johnston works every morning in a spare room in the basement of her Lynn Lake home, submitting about six weeks' worth of material at a time. She mails copies to Lee Salem in Kansas, keeping originals at home for any revisions she agrees to in frequent telephone conversations. "Usually we don't change much," says Salem. "Occasionally I suggest tightening the dialogue, or once in a while I don't think an idea works."

Ideas, ideas. "I'm always looking for ideas," says Johnston. "Got any good ones?" Her own family is used to having private moments announced to the world, and most of her material originates at home with husband Rod ("He's a walking Pollyanna; he almost never objects to what I do to him in the strip"), son Aaron, 7, by her first marriage ("It wasn't great"), and daughter Katie, nearly 3. "Aaron used to ask what *he* was doing in the papers, but now he seems to identify less with Michael. And Katie is too young to understand that she is the model for Elizabeth. Besides, I don't think my style is threatening anyway."

What is threatening are the public appearances that have come to dominate her career. "I'm not surprised," says Rod. "Lynn doesn't do too well in public. I think she really needs me around as a buffer." But the demands on Lynn Lake's only full-time dentist (who also serves four remote villages on a regular schedule) are heavy, and this time the buffer stayed home. When they travel together, which is often, they do so in the Cessna 185 they bought in July.

Johnston credits her earliest inspiration to *The Vancouver Sun*'s longtime editorial page cartoonist, Len Norris. But at the Vancouver School of Art (now the Emily Carr College of Art), her former drawing teacher Ian MacIntosh remembers that "her talent as an illustrator was always apparent. She was always serious about her art, always likable, always responded to a challenge—a bright-eyed, versatile, funny person."

One of Johnston's lingering difficulties is with her mother, Ursula Ridgway, who now lives in Hope, B.C. "We're very proud of her now," says Lynn's mother, "but I do miss her letters. She used to write 20 or 30 pages about what she was doing. Now she phones a lot, but it's just not the same. I know she's very good, and we do enjoy the strips, but, really, *ordinary* was good enough for me." Sighs Johnston: "My parents think I've changed. They seem to believe that I *must* have because of the money and everything. Really, I'm pretty much as I've always been. They've just changed their view of me. I worry about it, I really do."



The toughest problem, though, is the question of new material. Unlike Dennis the Menace, who remains forever 6, Elizabeth and Michael will grow up in the strip as Aaron and Katie do so in real life, thereby providing a steady flow of changing situations. "A strip like Lynn's can develop and change over time," says Jim Unger. "It may seem limiting but look at *Doonesbury*. At the beginning Michael J. Doonesbury was the central figure, but now he rarely appears. Lynn could branch out if she wanted to, or she can keep it tight. Whatever she does, I think she's getting better and better as a cartoonist."

Welcome reassurance to a young woman who is still not quite able to believe her good fortune, who hasn't entirely worked out the relationship between success and pleasing her parents and who worries about having enough *ideas* for the next nine years. But, as Salem points out, a 10-year contract looks longer than it really is. It takes several years to develop an audience, and in the end the creator has the upper hand. "A cartoonist can just stop drawing and there's not much anyone can do about it," she says. "But Lynn is handling it all very well. She'll be all right." Elly would be proud. ♔





Aaron, Johnston and Katie (top); Rod sardonic view of marriage and motherhood



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Follow-up

America's man of ire burns still



Ralph Nader: savoring the thought

His thick black curly hair is turning grey at the temples now, and after 15 years of fanatical campaigning he walks with a slight stoop. But Ralph Nader, the consul general of consumerism, has lost none of the fire. "We have a helluva decade ahead of us," he admits, possibly savoring the thought. "The consumer movement is going to move away from mere law enforcement and into direct economic challenge to conventional business." Nader, who once competed for headlines with presidents—and often won—has adopted a much lower profile in recent years, partly because a great deal of his time has been taken up simply running the huge network of consumer interest organizations he founded. Now he plans to change that.

Last month Nader resigned as president of Public Citizen Inc., the umbrella group under which most of the other interests are gathered, "so that I'll have more time to become directly involved in projects again." Dr. Sidney Wolfe, head of the Health Research Group, another Nader sponsored organization, has taken over the day-to-day operation of the Nader empire.

At 46, Nader is now free to lead the charge against what he feels are the major enemies for the '80s—the giant corporations. "I'm really interested in seeing more co-ordination," he says. "We need to set up an alert system so that consumer groups in other countries can exchange information with us. If some product is banned here they can make sure it is banned there, and vice versa. Before the end of this decade, we'll have a satellite hookup with consumer groups around the world and will develop international consumer programs. In this way we hope to be able to keep a constant and immediate check on the multinational companies."

Another Nader plan would unite consumers and their communities through co-operative repair services. Each homeowner would pay a specific sum annually to keep an office open 24 hours a day—not just for a plumber or an electrician—but for legal, health, insurance and real estate services at lower than current rates.

Along with the constant planning, the legendary Nader commitment has not faltered. He still works up to 20 hour days, pays himself $5,000 a year, lives in a furnished $85-a-month room in downtown Washington and remains secretive and autocratic. But he was also the man behind the National Traffic and Safety Act, the Highway Safety Act, the Wholesome Meat Act, the Comprehensive Occupational Health and Safety Act, the National Gas Pipeline Safety Act, the Radiation Control for Health and Safety Act and the National Consumer Co-op Bank Act. Many of these acts have had spillover benefits for Canadian workers and consumers, particularly in the areas of car design changes for safety and the outlawing of some food additives.

Recently described as "the last angry man in America," Nader says that his principal call now is as much to Canadian as American big business, and remains "almost primeval in nature." He adds: "It is a call for corporations to stop stealing, stop deceiving, stop corrupting politicians with money, stop monopolizing, stop poisoning the earth, air and water, stop selling dangerous products, stop exposing workers to cruel hazards, stop tyrannizing people of conscience within the company and start respecting long-range survival needs and rights of present and future generations." Period.

William Lowther

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Handicaps of the Hippocratic kind

As a practising physician, I can attest to being among the *Doctors in Crisis* (Cover, Sept 29). However, my definition differs somewhat from yours. With the coming of each spring, I begin to work feverishly to establish the low golf handicap which I gather is the norm among physicians. Unfortunately, I can't get it down below 14.

DR. J. BIEHN
LONDON, ONT.

The writer in your article seems, in my opinion, to have missed the central issue in this critical debate. The doctors in this country, once independent, proud and free, both economically and professionally from any government, now are being coerced into a monstrous state medical plan against their will. Our individual and professional civil rights are being taken away without so much as a whisper from any human rights group in this country. The medical profession is now more unified than ever against this malignant course. Socialism is just another form of slavery—and we've got the cure. A stiff dose of freedom.

DR. EARL F. DOBKIN,
TORONTO

In my opinion, few medical doctors are as skilled in counselling the depressed, those with stress-related difficulties or chemical-abuse problems as the trained counsellor, social worker or psychologist. Many doctors are too busy to fill a patient's counselling needs (especially when reimbursement is so low), yet most of them fail to refer their patients to those who do have the time and training to help. Often the temptation for doctors to prescribe a psychoactive drug to relieve the patient's symptoms (without treating the problem) is too strong. I feel this failure to recognize the expertise of other professionals puts a financial strain on the medicare system and serves to maintain a bloated image of the medical doctor as the cure-all.

ROB SOLOMON,
OTTAWA



ALAN C. GRIEG, IMAGE BANK OF CANADA

Doctors at work: a stiff dose of freedom

Silence is golden

Three cheers—oops, make that three respectful whispers—for Naomi Rachel (*Shhhhh*, Podium, Sept. 22), who neatly summarized my feelings. My backyard is off limits, thanks to the high-decibel aficionados next door. So, too, are the campgrounds in the parks, where the things that go bump in the night are not what I went there to hear. And, as if the ruination of my leisure time were not enough, there is the weekly endurance of those wondrous hours amidst the clatter of the open office. Thanks for telling it like it is, Naomi. It's too bad so few are able to hear you.

R.C. MACKENZIE,
EDMONTON

We are grateful to Naomi Rachel for speaking out against the ever more pervasive intrusion of noise. Air and water pollution are generally recognized as irritants, but noise pollution also exacts a toll. People need quiet to think their own thoughts and attend their own inner harmonies.

THE ROGER M. ECKGREN FAMILY,
VICTORIA, B.C.

Daath by appointmant only

Your article on rational suicide (*An Irrational Act Rationalized*, Ideas, Sept. 15) was timely. With due respect to Dr. Rory Fisher and the medical establishment, I think it is high time we doctors faced some of our own dangerous inclinations toward delusions of omnipotence. The "D" in MD stands for doctor, not Deus. It seems to me that the harsh fact is that you and I, reader, will die more slowly, more painfully and with less dignity than if we had died 30 or 40 years ago, not despite but because of medical advances.

DR. J.V. O'BRIEN,
HALIFAX

The advocates of rational suicide should have read your article on Terry Fox. They cry out that a painful and dependent existence has no purpose and is beneath the dignity of man. I would be interested in knowing how they explain someone like Terry Fox. His is such an existence, yet he has found meaning in his life, and by reaffirming his bond with humanity has become an inspiration to us all.

G.M. LEBLANC, OTTAWA

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Open the house, close the door



Ecology House: energy icon of the times

Just a few steps north of Bloor Street, Toronto's nod to '70s affluence run amok, and only a stone's throw from Rochdale College, the great failed communal housing experiment of the flower-powered '60s, stands Pollution Probe's Ecology House, an experiment for the '80s. Resting on the solid foundations of a century-old structure and pointing the way to an energy-efficient urban future, it is an icon of the times.

Rochdale College, born of boundless optimism and considerable youthful naïveté, was a monument with feet of clay to a lifestyle then blown away by the winds of economic and political reality. Ecology House, which opened its doors to the public last month, is a monument to a different frame of mind. It's also a telling measure of the distance travelled in less than 20 years—from a romanticized, homegrown honey-on-good-brown-bread notion of conservatism to a more urgent and final safeguard of the current lifestyle too many Canadians take for granted. Accessible and instructive to anyone with an apartment window to caulk or a



mansion to heat—or a desire to cut their fuel bill by 85 per cent—Ecology House represents an all-out attempt to face the fact that by the turn of the century energy-efficient houses will comprise 80 per cent of Canadian dwellings.

Four years ago the stately house on Madison Avenue was scheduled for demolition. Too large for today's single family, it was built in 1890 when labor was cheap and houses were dark and chilly and the very thought of resources "running out" was beyond imagination. "We had originally hoped to do over a



ERIC HAYES

Probe's David Coon: living differently

smaller house," says Brian Marshall, co-ordinator of the project during the conversion (or, in eco-language, the retrofit). "Not many people live in houses this big, and we wanted to demonstrate how to make a typical urban house energy-efficient." But the location and price were right. Pollution Probe leases the building from the federal government for $1 a year.

Grants from more than 30 corporations and foundations as well as funding from all three levels of government paid for materials, labors of love provided the muscle. When the trombe wall, 1,325 square feet of tempered thermopane glass which traps and circulates heat—and which covers the entire southern exposure of the house—went up, it did so, according to David Coon, one of only two paid staff members, on the shoulders of volunteers. So, too, over 14 months, the solar greenhouse at the back of the building; the grey-water system which collects waste water from sinks and showers, filters it and pumps it to the greenhouse, the meticulously installed insulation. There were some relaxing times, of course: an impressive lineup of empty wine bottles in the energy-efficient kitchen is waiting to be packed off to the recycling station.

The hydroponic greenhouse on the third floor of the house will provide enough vegetables for a family of four. The caulking, weather stripping, vapor barriers and triple glazing—along with the trombe wall and insulation—will reduce heating costs by more than 85 per cent. Recycling and composting will reduce waste materials by more than half. And all this for materials costing less than $20,000.

Ecology House has yet to prove itself through a cold Toronto winter. It seems a little barren, perhaps, because no one actually *lives* there, and some of the changes are enough to make an architectural purist weep. But with time, as David Coon says, it may eventually change our minds about the way we live by showing us a way to live differently.

Ann Finlayson

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1971 Don Jonas, Winnipeg
1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1968 Bill Symons, Toronto
1967 Peter Liske, Calgary
1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
1964 Lovell Coleman, Calgary
1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1962 George Dixon, Montreal
1961 Bernie Faloney, Hamilton
1960 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1959 Johnny Bright, Edmonton
1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1957 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1956 Hal Patterson, Montreal
1955 Pat Abbruzzi, Montreal
1954 Sam Etcheverry, Montreal
1953 Billy Vessels, Edmonton

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1973 Ray Nettles, B.C.
1972 John Helton, Calgary
1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1969 John LaGrone, Edmonton
1968 Ken Lehmann, Ottawa
1967 Ed McQuarters, Saskatchewan
1968 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1964 Tom Brown, B.C.
1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
1962 John Barrow, Hamilton
1961 Frank Rigney, Winnipeg
1960 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
1959 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
1958 Don Luzzi, Calgary
1957 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
1956 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
1955 Tex Coulter, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

1979 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
1978 Jim Coode, Ottawa
1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
1976 Dan Yochum, Montreal
1975 Charlie Turner, Edmonton
1974 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1979 Ben Zambiasi, Hamilton
1978 Dave Fennell, Edmonton
1977 Dan Kepley, Edmonton
1976 Bill Baker, B.C.
1975 Jim Corrigall, Toronto
1974 John Helton, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1979 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
1978 Joe Poplawski, Winnipeg
1977 Leon Bright, B.C.
1976 John Sciarra, B.C.
1975 Tom Clements, Ottawa
1974 Sam Cvijanovich, Toronto
1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
1972 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

1979 Dave Fennell, Edmonton
1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1975 Jim Foley, Ottawa
1974 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
1973 Gerry Organ, Ottawa
1972 Jim Young, B.C.
1971 Terry Evanshen, Montreal
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Q&A: Adolfo Pérez Esquivel

Questions of peace in a shattered time

On April 4, 1977, a slightly built Argentine architect entered Buenos Aires central police headquarters to pick up a renewed passport. There, authorities placed Adolfo Pérez Esquivel, winner of the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize, "at the disposal of the executive power." For 14 months he was held without charges and tortured. It wasn't the first time such a thing had happened to him. His rights had been withdrawn several times since 1971, the year Pérez Esquivel, a devout Roman Catholic, joined a Buenos Aires group dedicated to nonviolence and the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. But this latest incarceration had unexpected results. While in prison, he was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize by Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan, the 1976 winners who had led peace marches in Northern Ireland. Much to its displeasure, the Argentine military government was flooded with protests including those of leading churchmen from around the world. The award, which the 48-year-old Pérez Esquivel will accept in Oslo next month (edging out Jimmy Carter and Robert Mugabe, among others), has focused world attention on thousands of desaparecidos, *persons who disappeared following their detention by security forces.*



'When a person forgets his own humanity, he loses all reason'



CAMERA PRESS

Pérez Esquivel (above); troops harassing citizens in Buenos Aires: spectators

Despite the Argentine press's efforts to play down the award as an insult to Argentina, it has meant a boost for Pérez Esquivel's own Peace and Justice Service (SEPAJ), an umbrella organization created in 1974 for smaller groups working with the poor and politically persecuted throughout Latin America. In Santiago, Chile, Pérez Esquivel spoke to Maclean's *correspondent Mary Helen Spooner.*

Maclean's *Which Latin American countries, in your opinion, have the worst human rights situations?*

Pérez Esquivel There are peaks of seriousness. We are very concerned about the situation in El Salvador, and are in touch with Archbishop Rivera Y Damas [who succeeded murdered Bishop Oscar Romero earlier this year]. The situation is also serious in Guatemala, though slightly less so than in El Salvador — there is a virtual massacre of the peasant population taking place.

Maclean's: *What about the South American continent?*

Pérez Esquivel: The situation in Bolivia is very sad; the people held elections and the armed forces failed to respect the people's decision. I recently met with La Paz Archbishop Jorge Manrique, who described some of the problems there. And although it is less noticeable, there are also problems in Paraguay, Uruguay and Chile.

A rather generalized situation in Latin America is that our people practically have no options, no choices. Under military regimes people are left behind as mere spectators, rather than as participants in their country's process. It is necessary to work toward reconquering the rights which justly belong to the people.

Maclean's *How does your organization, SEPAJ, work toward that end?*

Pérez Esquivel: In a way, it is all very similar. Work we do with religious groups, peasant farmers and laborers follows the same line as the gospel, namely, that people recognize themselves as human beings. The gospel provides the root and the options for the poor.

Maclean's *How does your own philosophy of nonviolence fit into your work?*

Pérez Esquivel: By nonviolence we mean, in the words of Martin Luther King, the force of love. This does not entail passivity, but means we simply refuse to accept the rules laid down

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by the enemy, who is eventually confronted by his own methods of repression.

Maclean's: *You spent over a year in prison and endured considerable ill-treatment at the hands of your jailers. How did this experience affect your thinking?*

Pérez Esquivel: On a personal level, it was very painful. But on a Christian level it strengthened my faith. If I had not had this faith when I was arrested, I might have emerged embittered. I think that hatred and grudges only bring on self-destruction. And herein lies the force of nonviolence. I came out of prison with a firmer commitment toward building a more just society.

Maclean's: *What motivates the officials who are responsible for such abuses?*

Pérez Esquivel: I do not claim to know very much about what passes through the hearts and minds of those who do such things. But I do know that when a person forgets his own humanity and that of his brother, he forgets God, and thereby loses all reason. But torture is just one aspect of human rights problems, which in turn stem from an institutionalized structure of injustice. We must ask why such situations arise. I think a great deal is due to the lack of policies beneficial to the people of Latin America. There are very small interest groups dominating the continent, and our people suffer hunger and continuous exploitation. This is not to advocate armed struggle, by any means. We as Christians must always be thinking of different alternatives, and the important thing is to attack the causes of injustice. By offering the people new alternatives, they will not be attracted to guerrilla groups and further violence.

Maclean's: *Has your award affected your work?*

Pérez Esquivel: We are accepting it very humbly in the name of Latin America. How the money will be used will be determined later. We'll be looking at various projects to see where there is the most need.

Maclean's: *In addition to your work with SEPAJ, you are an architect and a sculptor. Do you have much time for sculpture these days?*

Pérez Esquivel: I've had to leave sculpting behind for the moment. There simply is not time. One has to assume certain obligations and go on working. Right now I am preparing to go to Chile, and I am going to give a big *abrazo* [hug] to the Chilean people. We are very concerned about the possibility of war between Chile and Argentina, and such a conflict could spark a continent-wide battle.





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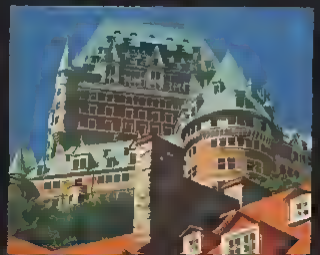
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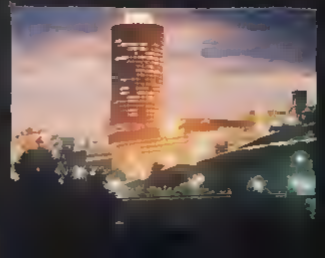
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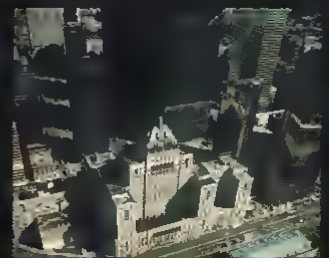
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Generals executed following the Iranian revolution lie in a Tehran morgue tribunals replace the shah's terror with their own

THE GLOBAL STRUGGLE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

By Marci McDonald

Spring had fallen softly on Santiago when they came for her—11 men with guns thundering down upon the tiny student café, dragging Ines Angelica Diaz Tapia screaming into an unmarked car. Four days later, her sister caught sight of her before a military tribunal, ravaged beyond her 25 years, her dark beauty unrecognizable. She was unable to stand upright. In those four days earlier this year in a "café house" of the central Nacional de Informaciones, one of Chile's secret services, she had been stripped and chained to the metal torture grid called the *parillo*. Slowly, with the exquisite attention to detail of the truly professional, they had beaten her all over her body, twisting their lighted cigarettes into her breasts and thighs.

Each time she passed out with the pain, she awoke to a doctor's ministrations. He did not dress her wounds but revived her to assure that she was conscious for the worst that was yet to come: the searing jolts of an electric shock rod roaming her flesh, then rammed deep into her private parts. In court, when she tried to cry out to her sister, an attendant slammed her across the face and led her away. For that pitiable bleat, she was held five days more, before being released to a womens' detention centre where she languishes still, during what is termed a secret trial.



Vietnamese await rescue by the Ile de Lumière saved from fetid death rafts

In the catalogue of testaments that trickle daily out of every corner of the globe on man's awesome capacity for inhumanity, the case of Ines Angelica Diaz Tapia is one of the less monstrous offerings. She, after all, lives to tell her tale—survives to awaken each night screaming with the souvenirs of her voyage into the murkiest sewers of the human spirit—her cry heard by that small band of the perpetually outraged who subscribe to Amnesty International's monthly newsletter.

But around the world, other walls will



HERZOG MILLER SERVICES

Political prisoners in Pisagua, Chile: searing jolts from an electric-shock rod

never be heard: the 15,000 Argentines declared officially "disappeared" since they were hauled out of their beds or assembly lines or even their detention camp cells and ominously promised a "transfer", the hundreds of political opponents of Zaire's General Mobutu Sese Seko who, if not massacred or hung for their audacity in returning home to a promised amnesty, have perished of hunger, malnutrition and untreated disease in the torrid squalor of equatorial prison camps which not infrequently forgo the luxury of one meal a day

Network news cameras numb the horrors from Asia: the slow sure genocide of two million Kampucheans by systematic starvation and murder. In the Middle East, the nightly firework spectaculars of a suicidal war overshadow the savagery tamed by statistics: 100 Iraqis put to death in a six-week period earlier this year, including the 50-year-old Ayatollah Muhammad Baqr al Sadr, most of them for the crime of simply being Shi'ite Moslems; more than 1,100 Iranians dispatched to execution squads without real defence or appeal by the contemptuous revolutionary tribunals that have succeeded in replacing the shah's bloody reign of terror with their own.

If those voices have been suffocated—often for merely posing the most fundamental of questions, or holding a belief that did not please—it is nonetheless disconcerting to note that had they lived to rage against their fate, their cry would never have penetrated the broadloomed conference theatre of Madrid's Palacio de Congresos, where the diplomatic muscle of 35 nations gathered last week (see box) in an international tug-of-war over human rights.

As that tussle swells into a major confrontation of West against East, the tragedy may be that human rights themselves become a political club lost in the confusion of the fray. As former Irish foreign affairs minister Sean MacBride, an old soldier in the human rights wars and a Nobel Peace Prize winner, puts it: "It would be all right if it were furthering human rights, but all this is being used for propaganda purposes." Says Dr. Bernard Kouchner, France's 40-year-old "human rights doctor" who organized the hospital boat Ile de Lumière, which saved thousands of Vietnamese refugees from fetid death rafts: "Human rights has become a gadget."



MONTEGNO-GAMMA/LIAISON

Demonstration by relatives of 'disappeared' persons in Santiago: subtle methods



GLOBE AND MAIL

Rockefeller: glad-handing with Latin American juntas with the worst torture records

Ever since the Soviet Union pushed for a European conference on security in Helsinki five years ago to win official sanction for their post-war boundaries, they have found themselves saddled with the astonishing trade-off of a commitment to protect their citizens' civil liberties which they never expected anyone to take so seriously. As pressure from dissidents within and Jimmy Carter's evangelistic foreign policy without mounted, the Kremlin's enraged backlash of repression surprised only those who failed to see that a system founded on the revolutionary ruminations of Karl Marx would be the first to realize that men with ideas are more dangerous than those with pistols.

As the Madrid conference opened, a rush of two dozen discreet post-Olympic trials clamped stiff prison sentences on the final larynges left to dissent—the names of journalists, Lithuanian and Ukrainian leaders and orthodox priests were added to that tragic 10,000-strong rollcall of the Soviet Union's best and brightest who have been silenced by enforced exile, psychiatric wards or the frozen hell of one of the Gulag Archipelago's 1,000-plus labor camps. Last Wednesday, when Olympian white-bearded novelist Lev Kopelev, who had survived Stalin's prisons, boarded a flight to Frankfurt on a one-year visa that is expected to turn into lifelong banishment, the ragtag band who saw him off at Moscow airport crumpled into tears and despair. His departure, coupled with the sudden death of exiled writer Andrei Amalrik in a freak car accident en route to the Madrid conference, were like twin fists which pummelled the last breath from the dissident dream of freedom.

The toll of recent repression has led more than one critic to question whether the whole Helsinki process hasn't hurt human rights more than it helped. Others warn that the West may well discover that, in wielding human rights as a club, they have unsheathed a double-edged sword. "If the U.S. can focus attention on violations of human rights, then all to the good," says MacBride. "But it must stop supporting these surrogates in Latin America who kill and torture people by the thousands. It's financing them, training the torturers in police colleges. It must put its own house in order."



LANCEY/SYGMA

©GAMMA/LIAISON

Pro-IRA propaganda (left), protesters in Madrid: human rights has become a gadget

Indeed, in their kit bag of Madrid diversions, the Soviets have a handy stock of American sins: discrimination against blacks, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans and, most damning of all, the news that the United States is the only major power that—thanks to a Senate standoff—has failed to ratify the International Genocide Convention, as well as 30 other assorted human rights pacts, all fastidiously signed by the Soviets.

In Europe, the backup squad, the French Communist party, has burrowed gleefully through the files of Amnesty International—the London-based human rights organization that tries to stay out of politics—to come up with France's treatment of Breton nuclear power demonstrators and West Germany's penchant for psychologically debilitating isolation cells. Britain already stands twice condemned of torturing suspected terrorists in Northern Ireland interrogation centres.

But in the mutual mudslinging that threatens to erupt between East and West in Madrid, the risk is that the terrible itemizations of torture, murder and legalized hate that fester in Africa, Asia and Latin America will be ignored or undermined. "If human rights are

A tug-of-war in Madrid

The already attenuated spirit of Helsinki seemed on the point of dissolving completely in Madrid last week. Attempts at resuscitation produced surreal moments, only the grimness of the alternative—another era of cold war—kept delegates at the opening of the Security and Co-operation Conference (from 33 European states plus Canada and the United States) talking—and talking.

Patience had neared snapping point after 10 weeks of discussion failed even to sketch out an agenda for the second review of the 1975 accords which some, in a wild surge of optimism, had hoped spelled a fresh start for international understanding. The sticking point was human rights. To the West that issue was a cornerstone of the Helsinki Final Act and, like all the other accords, it had to be debated fully before the conference moved on to other proposals. The Soviet Union preferred to concentrate on disarmament and, from Moscow, Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev charged that the West wanted to turn the meeting into a forum for cheap propaganda.

Nevertheless, one by one, Western speakers rose to condemn the Soviet bloc's sins. The U.S. delegation leader, Griffin Bell, pledged, "My country will continue to speak out in specific terms against abuses of human rights," and went on to list the East's lamentable record: Soviet jamming of Western broadcasts, the punitive increase in currency requirements for visitors to East Germany, the clamping down on Jews trying to leave Russia and the harassment of dissidents. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, he added, cast a dark shadow over East-West relations which no meeting, no pronouncement, nothing but the total withdrawal of Soviet troops could dispel.

External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan was equally adamant that the Afghanistan question could not be ignored in Madrid. He proposed a high-level meeting specifically to discuss protection of human rights, a bargaining tool perhaps if the East pushed its plan for a separate conference on disarmament. Western pessimism was reflected by MacGuigan's later comment that the Soviets had to date proved unco-operative.



COVER GAMMA/LIAISON

MacGuigan (centre) talks with Rodgers (right) and Spanish Foreign Minister Perez Llorca: an Alice-in-Wonderland situation

Noted Canadian delegation leader Louis Rogers, weary after the marathon preparatory talks, "After nine weeks of exposure, I would say that as far as the Russians are concerned, compromise is something you get from the other side." Indeed, Soviet stonewalling over conference guidelines, presumably in the hope of gaining concessions, resulted in an Alice-in-Wonderland situation when, with the agenda still undecided, clocks in Madrid's Palacio de Congresos were halted at three minutes to midnight to preserve the fiction that opening day, Nov. 11, had not arrived. "It's comedy diplomacy," sighed one delegate as the haggling dragged on and the minutes did not tick by. Finally, just before its deadline, the conference was opened, and at week's end, an agenda put forward by five neutral nations was reluctantly accepted by both sides. This meant that the conference could go ahead possibly until March.

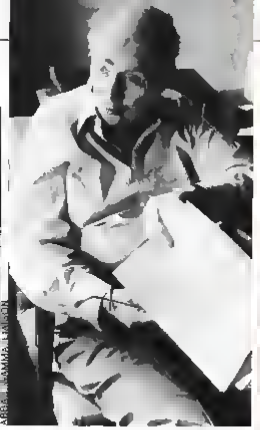
Outside the conference hall, there was more agreement as dozens of human rights groups seized the chance to state their case. Latvian-born Lutheran priest Maris Kirsons, 39, thrust hypodermic syringes into his forearms and spilled his blood on the sidewalk to protest the oppression of his people. Japanese pacifists paraded and sang hymns, the U.S.-based Helsinki Watch Committee documented East bloc transgressions and the World Congress of Free Ukrainians, headquartered in Toronto, released an appeal from 10 dissidents held in Soviet labor camps for an amnesty for political prisoners.

Close to tears, Petro Grigorenko, the Red Army general forcibly hospitalized, then exiled for his views, declared: "The Ukrainian nation demands nothing less than all other nations—the right to freely determine its national destiny. Our people do not want their sons forced to their deaths in Afghanistan." Meanwhile, the talk went on, always with the underlying possibility that a Soviet move into Poland could write a tragic final chapter to the book opened in Helsinki five years ago. **David Baird**



SHADE MILLER SERVICES

Hammarberg (below); MacBride (right): a double-edged sword unsheathed







Sakharov and wife, Yelena Bonner, (left), and Amalrik (right): the spotlight of public attention



LEDRU SYGMA



COHEN/BLACK STAR

Julius Nyerere and Mobutu: a catalogue of testaments on man's awesome capacity for inhumanity

LAVOLOVSKY/SYGMA

Death camp in Phnom Penh: light a candle

Dissidents slain by the armed forces in El Salvador: so much misery in the world

KELLY/SYGMA

ZAL/SYGMA

seen as a point in the cold war, it will tend to divide the Third World," says Thomas Hammerberg, Amnesty's new secretary-general. "We would hate a situation where most of the Third World countries came out against human rights because of superpower pressure—because they were financially dependent on one of the giants." As the Third World War seems already under way—a battle for men's minds fought with food aid and ideas in a series of quick brush-fire clashes—the body count continues to mount.

How to number the dead in South Korea, list the cadavers dumped into mass Vietnamese graves since Ho Chi Minh's legions marched into Saigon with flowers sprouting from their rifles? In Ethiopia today, there are estimated to be 100 times more political prisoners than during the most repressive of Emperor Haile Selassie's frenzies. In Chad, Uganda and the Central African Empire, one regime gives way to another but the dead still litter the deserts and the jungles.

The technology that hurtled man to the moon and spawned babies in test tubes has also devised subtler, more sophisticated cruelties. When Peter Benenson, a London lawyer with a social conscience, launched Amnesty on May 28, 1961, the world was a simpler place of "forgotten prisoners of conscience" languishing uncharged, untried and, in many cases, unidentified in the world's jails. Now, as the organization enters its 20th year, it is faced with combatting an insidious and frequently undocumentable new face of horror—the enigmatic official "disappearances" and confinements to asylums, the sleek updated torture chambers that specialize in electric and psychological tinkering leaving no telltale scars, only broken spirits and psyches. "Now governments blame executions on terrorism," says Hammerberg. "Political opponents are marked by death squads who are very close to the authorities. Or they plant drugs on them or invent false rape charges. It makes our work more difficult. In a case of psychiatric abuse, how do you find out the real background?"

Guatemala can boast that it has no political prisoners, but in the last decade at least 20,000 political opponents—many of them stubborn trade union leaders—have been eliminated by paramilitary death squads. Last September, Amnesty succeeded in documenting the deaths of three Iraqis who died promptly after their release from jail with a parting glass of orange juice or yogurt—the victims of thallium, a rat poison that produces an excruciating agony.

Third World leaders such as India's Indira Gandhi, who has just fallen back on her old emergency measures nightstick, argue that the West's vaunted liberties are luxuries they cannot afford in unstable societies floundering under poverty and illiteracy. "Nonsense," retorts MacBride, who heard the argument most recently during his three-year study of the international media for UNESCO. "There is nothing that creates instability quicker than the brutalization of a population. Iran is a perfect example." Iran, in fact, illustrates the human rights conundrum. But as Amnesty spokesman Richard Reoch points out, "What's happening in Iran now doesn't mean the shah's regime was more humane. It only means the problem is still there." Iran has become the textbook example of the difficulty of translating morality into realpolitik—an effort the embryonic Reagan administration already seems all too willing to forgo.

Last week, as the debate droned on in Madrid, David Rockefeller, chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank and friend of the former shah, flew off on what appeared to be unofficial gladhanding to reassure the Latin American juntas with the worst torture records—Chile, Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil—that Reagan "will deal with the world as it is. He is not going to try to change the world in his own image."

Nevertheless, when critics ponder whether human rights ought to be softpedalled for the sake of preserving the frail spider's web of détente to which they cling, the loudest rallying cry to slog on has come from those who are suffering most for the price of the issue having become a political football: the dissidents themselves. From his bleak exile in Gorki, Andrei Sakharov survives police beatings and harassment to launch the call: "Our only protection is the spotlight of public attention." From the merciless bowels of a Soviet forced-labor camp, Yuri Orlov risks death to smuggle out word of his hunger strike begun last week and to urge the West to hold the Soviet Union accountable for its violations of the promises made in Helsinki.

The danger is that as the economic crisis turns the West toward conservatism and navel-gazing, human rights will pass the way of all fads—a kind of moral crunchy granola which has lost its novelty and political expediency. In the end, as MacBride points out, it must come down to the individual "who is willing to stand up and be counted." Amnesty acts on just that principle: adopt three prisoners of conscience and lobby for them before taking on the world. "If I have managed to save one man from being hanged," says Hammerberg, who reads the bad news from the front lines of the human rights wars daily, "then it's worth it all." It is the viewpoint shared by Bernard Kouchner, the "human rights doctor" who founded

Some rooms to clean at home

It is only 17 months since Canada solemnly assured the United Nations that it was "unlikely" to use its existing power to execute children or pregnant women under military law. Even in Canada, which prefers talk to torture, rights have become a hot political issue. It is not so much that individuals are clamoring for the kinds of constitutional guarantees their American neighbors take for granted, but that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau wants to enshrine language—and, along with that, other human rights—in a new constitution.

Gordon Fairweather, chairman of the three-year-old Canadian Human Rights Commission, says Canadians are "very complacent." They tend to assume the government is always right. On the tenth anniversary of the peacetime imposition of the draconian War Measures Act—which temporarily suspended most civil liberties—it is sobering to consider that, unlike people in most Western democracies, Canadians can be tried over and over for the same criminal offence. Canadians' lives are ruled by hundreds of administrative boards and tribunals which operate in secrat and from which there is no appeal. There are few limits on police searches and a policeman may break the law in full knowledge that evidence obtained this way is just as valuable in court as legally obtained evidence. Indeed, in 1977, when the RCMP was caught breaking dozens of laws, their political masters responded by offering to change the laws.

The Canadian Bill of Rights, only adopted in 1960, is not part of the constitution and has no more authority than any other act of Parliament. Despite strides made toward eliminating discrimination based on sex, marital status, race, color, religion or age, the Canadian Human Rights Commission repeatedly finds its efforts to protect citizens frustrated by other federal laws. The Indian Act, for example, strips Indian women of their native status and accompanying benefits—federal money, housing, land, burial rights—if they marry non-natives. But there is no penalty for Indian men who marry whites. On the contrary, white wives and their children gain full Indian status. Sandra Lovelace, a Maliseet Indian from New Brunswick's Tobique reserve, has charged Canada with human rights violations before a UN body in Geneva. In an interim decision, the UN human rights committee agreed the Indian Act does present "serious disadvantages" to Indian women like Lovelace who marry non-Indian men.



CP

Fairweather: we are 'very complacent'

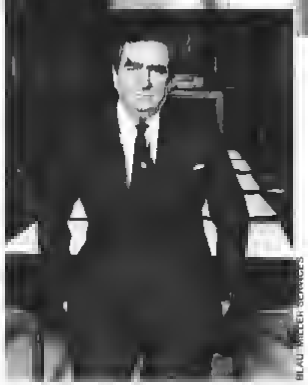
It is precisely to prevent this type of legislative discrimination that women, natives and civil libertarians want entrenched in the constitution a bill of rights that would take precedence over all acts of Parliament. Yet seven of 10 provincial premiers have rejected this concept, saying provincial and federal legislatures, not the courts, should be guardians of Canadians' rights and liberties. Observing that Parliament's power is virtually unfettered, Edgar Friedenberg, an American who teaches at Halifax's Dalhousie University, says that Canadians need protection *from* the legislature as well as by it.

Fairweather, a staunch advocate of an entrenched bill of rights, wants to see rights expanded to include protection from discrimination because of sexual orientation. But far from increasing rights, civil libertarians may have to fight merely to retain gains already made. The economic recession is a major threat. Says Michael Cassidy, leader of the Ontario New Democratic Party: "It's no coincidence that the Ku Klux Klan has crawled out from under its rock . . . as we enter the 1980s with the highest level of unemployment since the Depression."

Médecins Sans Frontières and its breakaway group, Médecins du Monde, with teams of French doctors treating the wounded in the political minefields of El Salvador and Afghanistan. "The first law of human rights," he says, "is to prevent a man from dying." Kouchner rages against institutionalized charity, "where everybody shrugs off the responsibility and says the Red Cross will cope." Two years ago, when nobody was going to the Southeast Asian seas to throw a lifeline to the thousands adrift in their own despair and vomit, he organized the Ile de Lumière against official opposition from all sides—now hailed as the West's humanitarian triumph. "You can't say, 'I can do nothing,'" he explodes over a Paris bistro table. "You must say, 'I can do anything.' There's so much misery in the world, one must throw oneself into it to defy our own deaths. In the Third World, it's ourselves we seek. You take one sick man in charge, you take up the cause of one prisoner, you dig one village well. One for one. A man for a man." Peter Benenson put it another way. He launched his band of faithful with a Chinese proverb: "Better to light a candle than curse the darkness." ✠



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BLAU-WITCH SCHNOES

Winner Foot (above) and wife, Jill; loser Healey. the nicest PM Britain never had?

Britain

Foot first into the fray

It could be argued that the smartest thing Michael Foot ever did was to have his hair cut. Before being persuaded to run for the Labour party leadership, which he won last week in an upset victory over former chancellor of the exchequer Denis Healey, the 67-year-old radical who wants Britain out of the European Community (EC) and disarmed of nuclear weapons had the image—unnerving to many—of a latter-day Old Testament prophet. Long snowy locks shook wildly about his head as he preached to ban-the-bomb rallies, clad in shabby tweeds and leaning heavily on a stick, the legacy of a near-fatal automobile accident 17 years ago.

As Jim Callaghan's deputy—a choice made to appease the restive left—Foot's eccentric style was accepted, but it was clearly not suitable for an alternative prime minister. Soon after Foot emerged from the barber, he scored convincingly in the first ballot of Labour MPs to dispose of rival left wingers Peter Shore and John Silkin and to challenge heavyweight Healey, long regarded as Callaghan's crown prince, in the runoff. Healey, a powerful intellectual who has held the defence portfolio as well as the Treasury (where he practised his own brand of monetarism), would have been Margaret Thatcher's most feared opponent. A committed upholder of NATO and Britain's EC membership, he was generally reckoned to have the leadership sewn up, but for Labour's leftward lurch at its fall convention and the fact that, come January, all party workers, not just MPs, will decide the leader. Healey's air of bullying superiority tends not to endear him to the rank and file.

Those chinks in his armor were enough in the end to destroy him. With the quixotic disregard for electoral credibility, which has marked Labour's recent behavior, MPs voted by a decisive 139 to 129 for Foot. It was, in its own way, as unlikely a choice of political leader as U.S. voters made on Nov. 4. *The Times* called it "an unmitigated folly" and *The Financial Times*, which has been as critical of Thatcherite economics as the rest of the business community in recent weeks, commented that the Tories "would have to make a remarkable mess of things" for Foot to reach 10 Downing Street.

Foot, scion of a distinguished West Country political family, was one of seven children born to Isaac Foot of Plymouth, a book-loving lawyer and Methodist lay preacher who became a Liberal cabinet minister under Ramsay MacDonald. Four of the Foot sons turned politically leftward, becoming collectively known as the "Left Feet," including Hugh, later Lord Caradon, who represented Britain at the UN. Michael, who becomes the oldest Labour leader since George Lansbury in 1931, inherits Callaghan's mantle with scant ministerial experience—two years as employment secretary, during which, it has been said, he let the unions trample all over him.

Foot has been an MP since 1945 and is probably the most brilliant speaker at Westminster. But above all he has been a scintillating journalist and editor of publications as diverse as the left-wing weekly *Tribune* and Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*. Beaverbrook, who loved to seduce left wingers onto the staff of his right-wing papers, called him "the finest journalist in the world."

Foot's greatest service to Labour may be that his election—almost certain to be ratified by the grassroots "electoral college"—will defuse the time bomb of Tony Benn, the ex-peer whose extreme visions of state ownership are mistrusted by many union leaders. And his success in persuading Healey to become his deputy may still enable him to spring a surprise on the national hustings. Nevertheless, his election has predictably delighted the Tories, and on any realistic assessment he seems set, as a former Callaghan aide wrote in *The Sunday Times*, "to be the nicest prime minister Britain never had." As if to confirm critics' charges that he is disaster-prone, two days after winning the leadership he literally put a foot wrong leaving the Commons—and broke his right ankle.

Carol Kennedy



A hint of winter in Washington



Orrin Hatch (left), Strum Thurmond, Edwin Meese, Reagan relaxing on the range producing and reproducing like calls in time-lapse photography



By Michael Posner

Quite suddenly, the morning mist over the Potomac has a biting edge and the first rumors of winter are whispering on the leaf-strewn lawns of the capital. Washington is a city in transition, peering warily into its future, it knows too well what is coming but is not yet prepared to admit it.

Winter will bring the new sheriff, Ronald Reagan, he will ride his proud steed, Little Man, down Pennsylvania Avenue, and the tough Republican posse will be right behind. Fresh from its stunning electoral triumph, which gives it Senate control of January's 97th Congress, the Grand Old Party has already begun a major redesign of national policies and priorities. Last week, a Senate subcommittee tacked another $3.5 billion onto the highest military appropriations bill in American history, the new figure, still requiring Senate approval, would be $161 billion. That, says incoming armed services chairman Senator John Tower, is only the bare start. Substantial increases have been penciled in for fiscal 1982, a buying binge on military hardware aimed at heading off the Soviets at the nuclear pass. The designated justice committee chairman, Strom Thurmond, delivered some equally telling evidence of the direction he hopes to take, when he and 41 other senators voted to block the justice department from seeking to enforce mandatory school busing. Attached as an amendment to a justice appropriations bill, the move does not ban busing itself but severely limits the department's ability to effect desegregation of the nation's schools. Liberal Democrats and moderate Republicans viewed it as an ominous weather vane for civil rights legislation.

Then there is Utah's Orrin Hatch, about-to-be chairman of the Senate's labor committee. Hatch is roughly as popular with organized labor as Valachi was among the Cosa Nostra, and the first tincture of poison is already being prepared. Hatch plans to introduce a two-tiered minimum wage which will allow employers to hire teen-agers at 75 per cent of the prevailing adult fare. The intent—putting millions of black and Hispanic Americans back to work—seems honorable enough, but there are persuasive arguments that the schema will never work.

While the Senate gears up for its legislative thrust, the Reagan transition team has been producing and reproducing like cells in time-lapse photography. New clusters and co-ordinating units are announced almost daily, a kind of provisional government during the interregnum. Speculation continues over which adviser will finally be rewarded with what portfolio, and conservatives of the right are said to be appalled at the extent of Reagan's dependence on conservatives of the middle (chiefly ex-Gerald Ford and -Richard Nixon lieutenants). But the only certainties last week were that campaign strategist James Baker III, a Houston attorney, was named White House chief of staff, and that Edwin Meese III, Reagan's closest campaign aide, would be his counsellor, a position of cabinet rank. Reagan himself was out on the ranch in California doing pretty much what the transition committee was doing in Washington: clearing trails.

One trail that will need early attention next year is the federal budget, tentatively projected at $648.7 billion. Reagan has vowed to trim an earlier projection ($633 billion) by two per cent, simply by eliminating "waste, fraud and mismanagement," but many observers believe it can be done only by cutting such untouchable programs as Medicaid and incurring heavy political liabilities. Reagan's principal budget adviser, Caspar Weinberger, concedes the difficulty but insists it can be accomplished. Calling the bluff, the House budget committee last week proposed an across-the-board two-per-cent reduction, but that sally brought a quick rejoinder from the Reagan camp, which claimed it had identified nearly six per cent that was expendable. So much for the bipartisan spirit.

Almost overlooked during this transitional phase has been Jimmy Carter, at once the most powerful and impotent man on the face of the earth. In the coming weeks, the president will sign his name to half a dozen routine authorization bills, and perhaps to toxic waste cleanup and fair housing laws, but the Carter administration is now mainly spoken of in the past tense. At an impromptu news conference last week—a serene, almost poignant affair—the president said he would return to Plains, Ga., on Inauguration Day and begin the life that former presidents traditionally lead, a life often colored in retrospective hues. Carter

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plans to write "more than one" book about his presidency, and will probably accept guest professorships and other speaking engagements. Beyond that, his only announced ambitions are to establish his presidential library in Atlanta and to become an excellent fly-fisherman.

For now, Washington and the nation hang in political limbo, suspended between their history and their future, eager to understand lessons of the past, eager to get on with the business of tomorrow ◇

Academic cloaks and CIA daggers

Five blocks from the White House, on the busy corner of 18th and K streets, stands the discreet "International Club" office building. Deak-Perera, worldwide dealers in gold, are on the ground floor. But there is no sign to betray the names or activities of the other occupants of the nine-storey building. The air of mystery only deepens on the fourth floor, where anonymity envelops the offices of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies. The doors are barred. A receptionist looks through a carefully placed side window before pushing the button that releases an electronic lock to admit visitors. Inside, security mirrors angled from the ceiling catch every movement.

The first impression is not of a seat of scholarship, rather of a cloak-and-dagger operation. Second impressions reinforce the first. CSIS, as it likes to be known, has strong links with the CIA. It also just happens to be providing the bulk of President-elect Ronald Reagan's foreign policy advisers. "You have to hand it to these guys," says a senior member of the Senate Foreign Relations staff. "They worked for years to create a hawkish climate, from now on we're going to see them practise what once they had only the power to preach."

In fact, no single group can take credit for the hawking of America. But CSIS has certainly played a major background role. Through the likes of former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, now a CSIS "counsellor," and George Carver, once special assistant to three former directors of the CIA and now a CSIS senior fellow, and James Schlesinger, former director of the CIA and now a CSIS senior adviser, the case has been pressed at dozens of seminars and hundreds of briefings for a harder line with the Soviet Union, for so-called "linkage diplomacy" and for increased defence spending. Through other such prominent members as Ray S. Cline, deputy director for intelligence of the CIA from 1962 to 1966 and director of the Bureau of Intelligence and Research in the state department from 1969 to 1973, the center has advocated re-establishing official diplomatic relations with Taiwan.

Last week Reagan appointed CSIS chairman and co-founder David M. Abshire to supervise the new administration's transition into the state and defence departments and the CIA. Kissinger and Cline had previously been made senior advisers on foreign policy and intelligence. But these appointments are only the tip of the iceberg. In all, Reagan has chosen 15 people from Georgetown, most of them directly connected with CSIS, for his transition staff. They dominate his foreign policy and intelligence committees. Indeed, the current joke in Washington academic circles is that once Reagan comes to power, the CIA will never have been so strong and the CSIS never so weak.



Kissingar and (right) tha K Street building an air of mystery

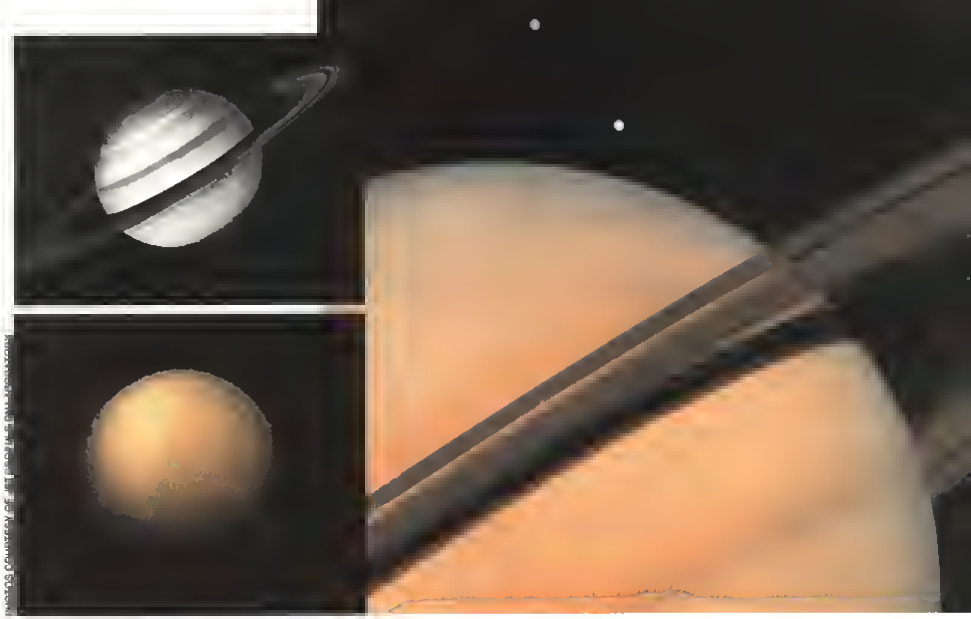
AP / NOUR: NEWSPHOTOS WORLD WIDE

CSIS was founded in 1962 by the Ivy League Georgetown University, itself administered by the Jesuits, "to foster scholarship and public awareness of emerging international issues." It has an annual budget of about $3.5 million which it raises from "foundations, individuals, corporations and corporate foundations," none of which it names in its annual report. But last week, after Reagan's staff appointments had been publicized, CSIS felt it necessary to say in a document released to the press that it "receives a small amount of government funding, but accepts no money from the Central Intelligence Agency and does no classified research."

That does not mean, however, that its activities are curtailed by shortage of cash—or influence. The CSIS now has 50 separate projects under way on such subjects as "Security and Economy of Taiwan in the 1980s" and "Soviet Fishing Activities Around Africa." Its Canadian Studies Program, besides delving into such domestic issues as French-English relations and strains between the centre and peripheries, continues to promote "informal exchanges" between Canadians and Americans on "issues in the bilateral relationship." What this means is that the CSIS pays for Canadians to come to Washington on a fairly frequent basis to be lectured on CSIS views and values. And not only Canadians. The center cultivates those who may be able to influence policies and public perceptions all over the globe at seminars on such subjects as the future of NATO, the Middle East or East-West relationships.

It also maintains listening posts worldwide as part of its International Research Council. The members of this council include, or have included, government ministers from such countries as Egypt and Belgium, and university professors from Switzerland, Indonesia and Britain. There are members in France, West Germany, Italy, Japan and Israel. Hosts of others attend CSIS international conferences and may later reflect its views. Michael Howard of All Souls College, Oxford, presented a paper on "Social Change and the Defence of the West" at the CSIS-organized NATO conference in Brussels just over a year ago. This month he is writing on nuclear weapons in Britain for its *Encounter* magazine which once received funds from the CIA.

Larry Birns, director of the left-leaning Council on Hemispheric Affairs, is one of those deeply concerned by the prospective rise in power of the CSIS under a Reagan administration. Says Birns: "During the 1960s, CSIS developed extremely strong links with the CIA. It was a revolving door. People who left the CIA would go there and people from CSIS would fill the empty slots at the CIA. Right-wing repressive regimes in Latin America, says Birns, are very happy about Reagan's victory and about CSIS. "You can draw your own conclusions from that." **William Lowther**



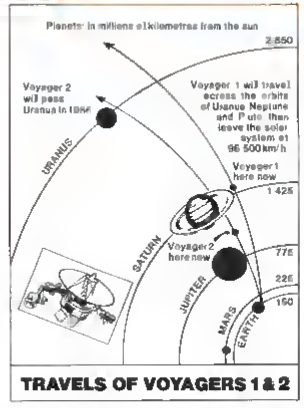
Saturn and rings (top left and, in close-up, above), Titan (left) scientists learned more in an hour than in 370 years

Voyager 1: a space odyssey

The Voyager 1 spaceship sailed below the glistening rings of Saturn last week sending thousands of awesome images back through 1½ billion km of interplanetary space to Earth. Spellbound astronomers gasped with amazement as flawless photographs showed giant beams of sunlight passing through gaps in the rings, distant stars glinting in the background and moons hovering above. They learned more in an hour about Saturn, her rings and her moons, than they have in the 370 years since Galileo Galilei first trained his telescope on the gaseous planet.

The flight that began in September, 1977, at Cape Canaveral, Fla., took Voyager 1 by Jupiter in March, 1979, and will take it across the orbit of Uranus in five years, Neptune in 10 years, far distant Pluto in 14 years and then out of the solar system. Voyager 2, launched in August, 1977, two weeks before Voyager 1, will rendezvous with Saturn next August, and follow its twin to the outer planets. So exact has Voyager 1's course been to date that it missed its rendezvous point with Titan—4,000 km from the moon's south pole—by just 20 km and passed a mere 125,000 km from Saturn. As Charles Kohlhase of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Pasedena, Calif., put it: "That's like shooting a billiard ball at a pocket 3,200 km away and making the shot."

One of Voyager 1's most sensational discoveries concerned Saturn's rings. As viewed from Earth there appear to be four. But Voyager's cameras revealed hundreds of them spreading out from the planet like the grooves in a gramophone record and, amazingly, one was discovered to have braids. "It defies the laws of orbital mechanics as I understand them," said Bradford Smith of the University of Arizona.

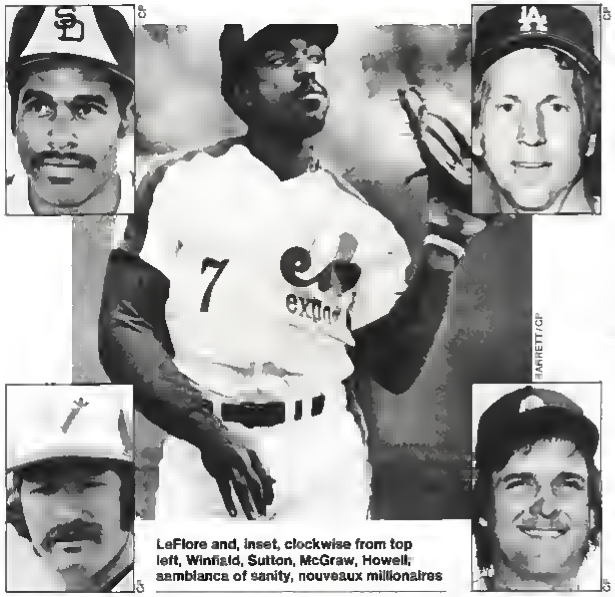


TRAVELS OF VOYAGERS 1 & 2

Voyager's view of Titan, thought to be Saturn's largest moon, revealed its surface may be made of super-cold liquid nitrogen covered by a glassy layer of frozen tar. "It is a bizarre, murky swamp," said Stanford University's Von Eshelman. "It is," he added, "a deep-freeze version of a primitive Earth." Voyager measured temperatures in the Titan atmosphere ranging from -100°C to -200°C. In addition, methane was discovered which, said Donald Hunten of the University of Arizona, in combination with the ultraviolet light of the sun, should produce ocean. "I can imagine it raining frozen gasoline on Titan," mused Hunten.

Surveying the other frozen moons in Saturn's archipelago, Voyager's cameras revealed an 800-km-long canyon on Tethys, a huge crater and central peak on Mimas and bright cobweb markings on Rhea and Dione, which scientists had difficulty explaining. Indeed, as Voyager sped on its way across the solar system, the consensus among elated scientists was that the spacecraft's brush with Saturn had produced as many riddles as it had solved. **William Lowther**

Merry-go-round for gilt brass rings



LeFlore and, inset, clockwise from top left, Winfield, Sutton, McGraw, Howell; semblance of sanity, nouveaux millionaires

By Hal Quinn

It was spring and the clouds threatened to open and drown a dreary day at City Island Park in Daytona Beach, Fla. But for a young man with a new team, a new season, the storm would wait until the season ended. Ron LeFlore looked to the outfield, where a couple of his new Montreal Expos teammates were jogging, and smiled. "They need a leader here, and I think I can be the man." He had come to the Expos from the Detroit Tigers. Books and films had catalogued his adolescence, box scores had testified to his baseball prowess. "They need speed here, and I'm going to give it to them. So far I like the Montreal organization, but I'm in the last year of my contract and, of course, owe it to myself to test the free-agent market." LeFlore provided the speed, stealing 97 bases, and last week he tested the free-agent market. But just like his on-field performance this season, LeFlore was up and gone before too many people noticed. Of 26 teams, including Montreal, only one drafted him—the Chicago White Sox—in the 11th round.

Since arbitrator Peter Seitz handed down his landmark decision in December, 1975, pronouncing Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally free agents, thereby liberating baseball players from permanent indentureship to their owners, the free-agent draft has become a multimillion-dollar merry-go-round with a handful of brass rings. The team owners cried that free agency would bankrupt them, destroy balance in the league, make the rich richer. They then proceeded to try their best to fulfil their prophecies by inflating the value of athletic ability beyond any societal reference point.

In a game already cluttered by statistics, some free-agent stats are interesting. The singing cowboy Gene Autry, owner of the California Angels, rivals New York Yankee owner George Steinbrenner in his willingness to bid for free agents. The only difference being that Steinbrenner's choices more regularly offer some return on investment. For example, Autry last year picked up pitcher Bruce Kison from the Pittsburgh Pirates for an estimated $2,465,000 for five years. The contract includes $160,000 in guaranteed annual salary, a $750,000 signing bonus and a $150,000 moving allowance. Kison hurt his arm this season and won only three games. Including deferred payments and an option clause on a sixth year of the contract, each win cost Autry $220,000. But Autry was not alone. Last year, the Houston Astros picked up Nolan Ryan for $3.5 million over three years plus a $250,000 signing bonus and $250,000 for "public relations activities." Ryan won 11 games. The Los Angeles Dodgers took a couple of expensive baths. They signed pitchers Dave Goltz ($3 million over six years, guaranteed annual salary of $425,000 and a signing bonus of $450,000) and Don Stanhouse ($2.1 million over five years, guaranteed annual salary of $340,000 and a signing bonus of $400,000). Goltz won seven games and lost 11; Stanhouse won two and lost two. The list of nouveaux millionaires-turned-paupers goes on.

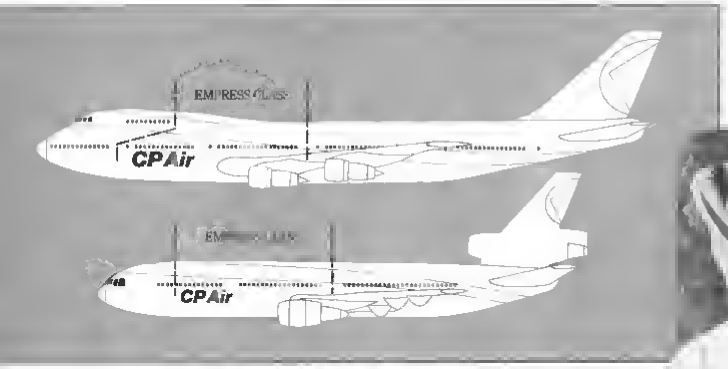
It was not surprising, then, when a semblance of sanity pervaded the draft of free agents last week. Twenty of the 48 players available, including World Series hero Philadelphia relief pitcher Tug McGraw, were ignored. Four teams made no selections at all, and the player drafted by the greatest number of teams (12) was a utility infielder, Dave Roberts. Paul Owens, director of player personnel for Philadelphia, said, "Maybe clubs are finally getting to the point where they say, 'This has gone far enough.'" Or perhaps it reflected the attitude of Expos President John McHale, who said, "We finished second without LeFlore and we finished second with him."

But for fans of the merry-go-round, there was plenty of amusement left. Ten teams, including both New York clubs, the Yankees and the Mets, drafted the brightest star, slugger Dave Winfield, and 10 teams drafted pitcher Don Sutton. Winfield has humbly said he seeks approximately $13 million over 10 years, Sutton $2 million over four. And all-star catcher Darrell Porter was chosen by eight teams, journeyman outfielder Jim Dwyer by 11, Toronto's Roy Howell by six. A .263 career hitter, Howell wants only $1.3 million over four years.

There will soon be millionaires among them, and gilt brass rings, too. And LeFlore, like McGraw and all those not picked by at least two teams, can, under the free-agency agreement, now await bids from all 26 teams, and the semblance of sanity will evaporate.

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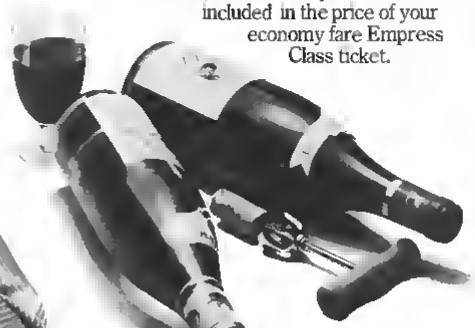
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Sports Column

Grey Cup hangovers and a man called Twinkletoes



By Trent Frayne

The last time the Grey Cup game was played in the old icebox that serves as a ball park in Toronto, 54,695 people paid $1,126,844 to watch. Next Sunday just as many will pay more to bray there again even though this has been an awful year for eastern football. Teams were so bad in the East this season that the Argonauts weren't able to nail down their accustomed cellar position until the final week.

Still, as has been observed a few times before, there is nothing quite like the Grey Cup game. The fact the Eskimos had little trouble with the Alouettes in the last two, or that in 20 interlocking games this season eastern teams contrived to win only six from the western mercenaries makes no difference. The Grey Cup game, like the Santa Claus parade, is a happening and kiddies of all ages want to be there.

A lot of people have the notion the annual November insanity began in 1948 when the Calgary Stampeders skidded across the ice floes of windswept Varsity Stadium in Toronto and dashed the Ottawa Rough Riders by 12-7. What made that event significant was that the westerners were accompanied by a corralful of cowpokes of at least two genders who paraded on Bay Street, the country's homburg and briefcase capital. They wore five-gallon hats and 10-gallon hangovers and they flipped flapjacks from covered wagons to the gaping throngs on the sidewalks in the financial canyons.

Until then there hadn't been much fan involvement in the Grey Cup game. People went, wearing coonskin coats, because it was the only place in Toronto where they could drink outdoors without going to jail. Guys carried flasks on their hips and blondes on their arms and by the time they tottered from the park the conversation often ran like this.

She. "Who won the game?"

He. "What game?"

It was 1948 that changed the boundaries of the annual struggle for Lord Grey's battered old bidet. It was the year revelers in the Royal York hotel began throwing their big hats and their cowboy boots and their embroidered women's vests from the mezzanine floor to the lobby without first removing the proprietors. Large numbers were often sober until well past noon.

Well, that's the sophisticated side of the big event but, in truth, the year that really turned the Grey Cup around was 1935, because it marked the first time the West had won. Until then the game was next thing to a laugher. One year Queen's University beat the Regina Roughriders 54-0, and another year the Hamilton Tigers beat Regina 30-0. It



wasn't just Regina. Edmonton was manhandled by the Argonauts 23-0, and Winnipeg lost to Ottawa 24-1. Some years the East-West final wasn't an East-West final, the westerners were held in such low regard that the old Canadian Rugby Union, the forerunner of today's CFL, shuffled them off against a semifinalist in the East, making them qualify if they wanted to challenge.

So the West turned suddenly ecstatic when Winnipeg and a marvelous little fellow named Fritz Hanson won. It was as though, in modern terms, the price of oil had risen $9 a gallon. Overnight a quasi-national event of modest repute swept all the way to the Pacific. Winnipeg beat Hamilton by 18-12 that afternoon 45 years ago, and the feats of Hanson, all of 165 pounds and five feet eight inches, a pink-cheeked, blue-eyed Norwegian from Perham, Minn., called Twinkletoes, are unmatched even today. He danced upon the slippery goo of the Hamilton field, he showed 'em an ankle and thumped 'em with an elbow, he gave 'em a hip and a shuffle and slipped past, and he did this for a unrelenting 367 yards on kick returns alone, including a 78-yard touchdown trip which sewed things up. Wrote Canadian Press staff writer Elmer Dulmage, "He took a low kick on the run at his 35-yard line, quickly sidestepped two diving tacklers and bolted straight down the middle, beyond the grasp of the most determined Hamilton pursuers, and on into the end zone." Said Dulmage, "It was a lightning-like stab that brought the crowd up howling for the little man who moves faster than any football player in this Canadian sport."

Whatever became of Fritzie Hanson? He became a big executive in a worldwide insurance brokerage in Calgary, a vice-president who was asked to stay on after he hit 65, just to drop in when he felt like it to the penthouse suite of Reed Stenhouse. Your agent caught up with him a while back, stunned to find a 68-year-old guy looking like he'd just emerged from an invigorating shower after wrapping up another Grey Cup. Fritzie Hanson, still a man trim and blonde and, good God, even perky, chirping away about how he swims free in the municipal pools and rides free on the civic buses because he's a senior citizen, how he's a cross-country skier and, above all, a hunter every fall.

The thing he laughs about most in fond recollection is that every year about this time the phone starts ringing and old fans or young sportswriters want to talk about that wonderful day in 1935. Over the years Fritzie has heard from all sorts. "If all the people who say they were there were there," he grins, "there had to be 50,000 people in the grandstand." He knows there weren't, of course. By actual survey, there were 6,405 and they paid less than $1 a ticket. Gate receipts were $5,583.92 for the most significant Grey Cup game of all time. There'll be more than that Sunday. But no Fritz Hanson.

"I sing anything left of punk rock That's what my bag is and, besides, I don't like purple hair," says Vancouver's **Susan Jacks**, whose latest album, *Ghosts*, is so middle of the road that you can practically hear the white line Jacks found early fame with former husband, **Terry Jacks**, and together formed **The Poppy Family**, sweeping the airwaves in the early '70s with such classics as *Which Way You Goin', Billy* and *Where Evil Grows*. Today both Jacks have remarried, and former B.C. Lion and Saskatchewan Roughrider football star **Ted Dushinski** finds himself managing his wife's career, while ex-husband Jacks produces her records. "He knows what he can get out of her," says the 13-year gridiron veteran. "I don't necessarily agree But let's face it, after football I thought my career was in sporting goods."

The word "possession" runs like a leitmotiv in the short but tumultuous life of **Linda Blair** Since chilling the hearts of millions with her portrayal of a demonized child in *The Exorcist*, she graduated to characters who succumbed to drugs and men Her personal life often imitated the roles she played she is currently on a three-year probation for conspiring to possess cocaine



Blair: 'scare everyone to death'

NORMA SYDMA



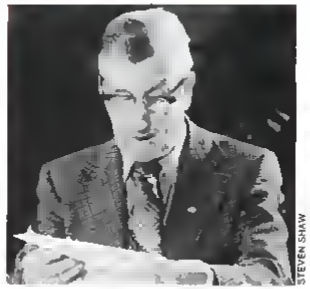
BRIAN WILLER MACLEAN'S

and admits to having lived on and off with various musicians since the age of 15. Most recently, Blair possesses the hopes of a group of Washington, D.C, businessmen who are staking $1 million to put Blair's Gothic talents to work in a new horror movie—*Hell Night* With a confident giggle, Blair says that the film—which pits her against a monster in a haunted house—"will scare everyone to death." Although she was chosen for the role because of her "vulnerability" and her past successes as a first-class victim, Blair is, in fact, anything but "I have done just about everything in my life," she admits. "I feel more like 35 than 21. I'm hardly the girl next door, you know."

Police insist it was only a common burglary, but the quiet of Edmonton's ritzy Ravine Drive was shattered last week as patrol cars and media swarmed around the home of Premier **Peter Lougheed** Returning home from a downtown party policy meeting, the man holding the key to the $6.4-billion Heritage Fund found the back door of his house had been forced open and culprits had made off with a small amount of **Jeanne Lougheed**'s jewelry and the family silverware.

"I've been called Citizen of the Year, Telephone City's Goodwill Ambassador, Admiral of the Creek and Dean of the Council If they want to make me Chief Ribbon-Cutter, I have no objections," announced re-elected Brantford, Ont., Alderman **Charlie Ward**, 89, whose

Jacks (above) and Ward: Canada's longest running alderman as chief ribbon-cutter

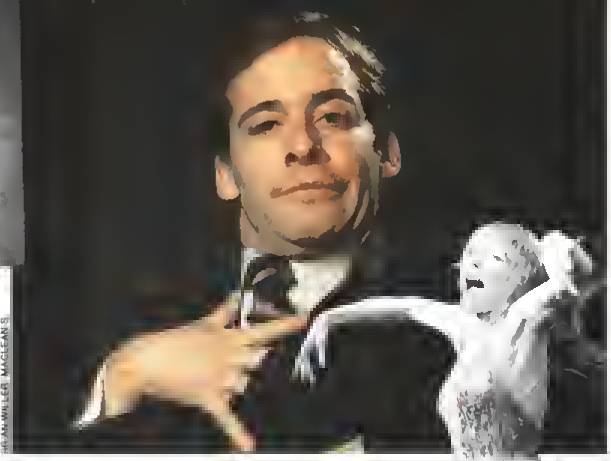


STEVEN SHAW

service on city council spans 28 years, which is a record in Canada. Now Ward's services have been requested for the rubber chicken and satin-snipping circuit by Mayor-elect **Dave Neumann**, who says he will be too busy in council to attend most functions Ward, whose qualifications include a 1956 garden party at Buckingham Palace, feels confident that he will be able to fulfil the new mayor's request Two weeks ago council finally approved funds for his pet project—the cleaning up of a polluted creek that annually threatened the basements of his electorate during spring flooding. "You know what the word 'Ward' meant in ancient times, don't you?" asks the town's new ceremonial chief "'Ward' stands for Defender of the Weak, and that's what I'm here for."



RONALD MILLER



BRIAN WILLER MACLEAN'S

"The maximization of long-term profits is why God hath put man on earth," quoth Toronto actor **John Jarvis II**, but the words are only part of his characterization of Canadian business crown prince **Conrad Black** Jarvis, 25, portrays Black in a Theatre Passe Muraille send-up of the Upper Canada College tie set, *Torontonians*, which opened last week "Black fascinates me. He's a kind of Napoleonic hero—the prince of business who is despised and admired at once," says Jarvis, who himself hails from the "establishment" as the great-great-great grandnephew of **Samuel Peters Jarvis**, who lends his name to the infamous street. "My father wanted me out of town, but in the scheme of things I should have attended Upper Canada College," admits Jarvis, who attended **Prince Andrew**'s alma mater, Lakefield College School near Peterborough, Ont Despite Jarvis' family ties and his admiration of Black's "moxie," the man from Argus Corporation Ltd declined an invitation to attend the opening-night performance

"I think a writer is out of touch if what he writes does not bring abuse," says American epic author **James Michener**, preparing himself for the critics' response to his 896-page South African novel, *The Covenant*. Although reviewers panned his previous mammoth work, *Chesapeake*, as much for its length as its content—"Don't read it and don't drop it on your foot," cautioned one—Michener, at 73, has no doubts about his ability "I'm very good," he immodestly admits. The long-winded introductions to his books, he explains, are written on purpose "to weed out the amateur readers." The millions who read on, devouring such best sellers as *Hawaii* and *Centennial*, send Michener a steady stream of letters complaining of just one thing: "Your book was so short."

Scarcely a week after giving birth to *The Winnipeg Sun* and providing unemployed *Tribune* journalists with a new home, businessman-publisher **Tom Denton**, 46, has created a home of another kind. Billing it "the home of the stars," Denton has opened the Stage West Dinner Theatre modelled on similar operations in Edmonton and Regina For $20, customers get a gourmet buffet and 2½ hours of Nebraska-whine from **Sandy Dennis**, starring in **Bernard Slade**'s hit *Same Time, Next Year* opposite Canadian actor **Ted Follows**. Entrepreneur Denton—who worked on the student newspaper at Acadia University and acted the part of **Henry IV** there 25 years ago—is delighted with the response to both his new ventures, though somewhat exhausted. "What with putting a paper to bed three nights a week and starting a dinner theatre at the same time, my learning curve is a vertical line right now."

When First Lady-elect **Nancy Reagan** arrives in Washington, the White House will be in for a major change in style The folksy little tea parties **Rosalynn Carter** held for "ordinary folks" from around the country will be out Elegant parties, gala dinners and cocktail receptions will be in "The White House should be put up on a hill, in people's minds, in a philosophical sense," she said last week But one person the fashion-conscious Reagan—**Adolfo** is her favorite designer—may not have around the White House very much is **Barbara Bush**, wife of Vice-President-elect **George Bush** Fifty-five-year-old Bush has a great garland of white hair and a heavily lined weather-beaten face She looks much older than her years and freely admits that during the campaign she was often mistaken for her husband's mother. "I know that I look older than Nancy even though I'm really two years younger," she says. Well, Bush is in for a shock. Last week, *The Washington Post* reported that Nancy Reagan has been lying about her age for more than 30 years. Though she insists that she was born on July 6, 1923, the *Post* checked with Reagan's alma mater, Smith College, and found their records show her birth date as July 6, 1921

Jarvis (above) and Black (top left): 'Napoleonic hero'

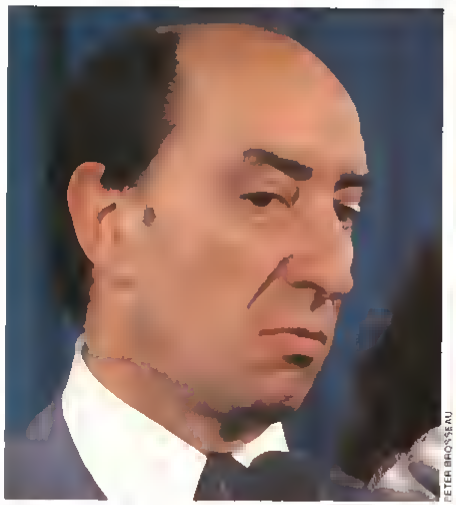
MacLaine: marital meandering is easier than hooking



ASLAN/BLACK STAR

At 46, actress-singer-dancer **Shirley MacLaine** appears to be putting no brakes on her career So far this year she has been seen in the mixed ménage film *Loving Couples* and next month she is teamed up with **Bo Derek** in *Change of Seasons* Both films concern married women who wander outside of their conjugal arrangements. "I can relate to those women At least they weren't as hard as all the hookers I've done," says MacLaine, who won an Academy Award nomination for her streetwalking role in *Irma La Douce* 17 years ago In fact, MacLaine seems to be able to relate to anything that has to do with herself. "I think I have a very cute, mobile face I much prefer watching me on screen than any of the other actors. When I'm not there, I can't wait for me to come back on screen When I'm not there, I'm bored." **Edited by Marsha Boulton**

The men who knew too much


PETER BROSSEAU


BOBWINKEL, MACLEAN'S

By Robert Lewis

As the McDonald Commission on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police entered its fourth year this summer, the inquiry into alleged Security Service misdeeds seemed to slip into oblivion with the ghostly inevitability of a ship going down in a North Atlantic gale—in this case, the storm over energy and the constitution. But while tales of barn-burning, dynamite theft and dirty tricks aimed at suspected subversives in the early 1970s receded from page one, the commission was at the centre of a series of simmering controversies behind the scenes. Among the dustups, *Maclean's* has learned:

- An implied threat by RCMP Commissioner Robert Simmonds that he would resign unless the inquiry backed off plans—as it did—to publicly name members of the force suspected of misconduct. Instead, notices have gone out privately, to which some officers have responded.
- A roiling in the ranks about the length of the commission, which turned to rage after one troubled Mountie who testified before McDonald last summer committed suicide days later, and frustration which resulted in the heckling of Simmonds at a private meeting of the force in Toronto.
- Demands by government lawyers for a recent private hearing of allegations that Marc Lalonde, when he was principal secretary to Prime Minister Trudeau in the early '70s, encouraged the Security Service to crack down on a left-wing news agency in Montreal, which subsequently was the target of a clandestine police raid in 1972. After hearing the evidence in camera—none from Lalonde—the commission dismissed it, and Lalonde, now minister of energy, flatly denies the charge.


BREGG/CP

Lalonde and McMurtry (top), McDonald dusts ups behind the scenes, and one suicide

The other matter of contention is the refusal by the commission and the federal government to turn over certain secret evidence to Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry, which he says is essential for a Toronto case against two Mounties. The details surfaced last week when the Toronto *Globe and Mail* revealed contents of an angry letter by McMurtry which stops just short of accusing the commission and the government in Ottawa of obstructing justice. In a subsequent interview with *Maclean's*, in which he used uncharacteristically harsh language about a judge, McMurtry denounced Chairman David McDonald as "cavalier" and "just absolutely incomprehensible."

Beneath all the sound and fury, signifying politics and personalities, the issue McMurtry raises goes to the very heart of the McDonald inquiry: what, if anything, were the Mounties ordered to do and who, if anyone, in the Trudeau cabinet and senior reaches of the force, said, "March"? Since the constitution charges provincial attorneys-general with the administration of justice, McMurtry submits that evidence bearing on "superior orders" is relevant to a case now before the Ontario courts, in which two Mounties stand accused of playing dirty tricks on the Trotskyist League for Socialist Action, that is, circulating a phoney letter in the name of a league member to the effect that the then-leader was nuts.

Under a deal worked out by Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan with McDonald, McMurtry was given access to secret testimony on operation CHECKMATE, an RCMP program in the early 1970s designed to disrupt suspected subversives in British Columbia, Alberta, Ontario and Quebec, and including the Trotskyist League in Toronto. The actual files were destroyed by the Security Service when one member became jittery about revelations of similar tactics by the FBI in the United States.* The too-voluminous RCMP files, however, contained cross-references to CHECKMATE, and the officers therein named were called to account in camera.

What McMurtry didn't get—what McDonald and Kaplan refused—was testimony bearing on whether or not the Trudeau cabinet ever responded to repeated requests by the RCMP in the early 1970s for authorization of activities outside the law, activities that flowed, in turn, from cabinet orders to crack down on dissidents after the October Crisis of 1970 and a wave of terrorist bombings and robberies. McDonald's record reveals that senior ministers were asked on Nov. 27, 1970: "What should be done to eliminate inherent contradiction in existing security service which turns around the question of the commission of crime in the national interest?" McMurtry reasoned that, if cabinet authorized illicit or illegal acts, the gumshoes lower down could have had a defence. Pending that answer, McMurtry put off the case in Toronto. In his letter, McMurtry says the refusal by Ottawa "was not only wrong but also dangerous to the due administration of criminal justice in the province (of Ontario)."


BREGG/CP

RCMP Chief Simmonds' threat to resign

Kaplan retorts that while McMurtry has authority for administration of justice, *he* wants McDonald to decide about "superior orders." Adds Kaplan: "McMurtry is not the attorney-general of a unitary state. He's not the only law enforcement officer with responsibility in this matter." Besides, Kaplan notes, there is "conflicting evidence" on whether ministers authorized illegal acts, and he wants McDonald to decide.

The telephone is no inhibition, nor is the 12-year-old boy in the background lobbing a football at Dad, as McMurtry responds: "The basic problem is that Robert has very little understanding of the fundamental issues. He's very new to his portfolio and he has very little legal background since law school. He has to depend on very inadequate advice. A criminal investigation must take precedence over any other action, including a royal commission." As for McDonald, McMurtry continues: "He has a very cavalier, insensitive and irresponsible attitude about the role of provincial attorneys-general. I find his conduct just absolutely incomprehensible." Kaplan jabs back: "McDonald's posture becomes comprehensible when one understands the sovereign responsibilities of the federal government. We are not accountable to McMurtry, but to Parliament. McMurtry's confused, so that's why things are incomprehensible." McDonald, a proud man, no doubt enraged, offers only a terse observation: "I'm just not going to comment on what some attorney-general has said to the press."

McDonald displayed much less inhibition in the past. In fact, say his many (anonymous) detractors in government, McDonald has been too mindful of the press, especially in holding so many open hearings in the early days. The chairman's theory is that publicity is the one guarantee that his final reports will be heeded. (McDonald plans a first volume in December, and under new government orders he must finish his inquiry by next April.) In the latter stages, McDonald has heard from senior government officials, like Gordon Robertson, former head of the old Security Panel, in camera. McDonald also has been more sympathetic to pleas by $1,000-a-day government and RCMP lawyers that testimony be taken in private—that is, behind a door with a push-button combination lock in a room high over the Sparks Street mall that is swept electronically at each adjournment.

Accordingly, when one witness recently proposed to testify that he had seen a document describing a meeting attended by Lalonde, McDonald agreed to secret sessions. He accepted the government's argument that the credibility of the witness was dubious. Besides, the document, if ever it existed, could not be found, and the alleged participants denied attending any meeting to instruct the RCMP to crack down on Montreal's *l'Agence de Presse Libre du Québec* (*Maclean's*, July 11, 1977). Lalonde told *Maclean's* last week that he had no knowledge of any alleged meeting and that, in any case, he had not ordered the Mounties to pull out the stops on the APLQ. "The first time I heard about the APLQ," he declared, "was after it was raided."*


BREGG/CP

Kaplan: 'not accountable' to McMurtry

One subject so far unexplored by McDonald is the impact the commission is having on the Security Service. For starters, clandestine operations have ground to a virtual halt. "The only people doing effective intelligence work in Canada," muses one old security hand, "are the foreign agencies." As for the morale of the sleuths, there is a sense that operatives have been "left hanging in the wind." The suicide of a frazzled colleague brought the message home.

At the Toronto meeting last summer, when the straight-talking Simmonds took questions from the floor about RCMP use of undercover agents, the commissioner astounded his people by dismissing sources as finks. While the characterization fits many criminal-side informants—Simmonds came up

*He can only hope the historical pattern doesn't continue. earlier this month, the highest FBI officers tried so far were convicted for authorizing break ins without warrants against the radical Weather Underground.

*The October, 1971, APLQ break-in only came to light in 1976, at which time then-Solicitor-General Francis Fox dismissed it as an "isolated incident." With later revelations of Mountie misdeeds, the McDonald inquiry was established July 6, 1977.

through the anti-drug stream of the force—Security Service officers resented the reference to people who, they feel, risk life for their country. Simmonds was heckled on the point and declared, one officer reported, he would walk out if the talk continued

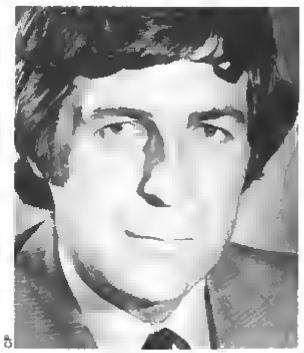
On his return to Ottawa, Simmonds formally apologized to the Toronto troops Later, with the Security Service breathing fire about McDonald's plans last May to publicly cite operatives for misconduct—a prelude to possible criminal charges—Simmonds vigorously backed the plan for an RCMP court challenge to McDonald Had that happened, Simmonds knew, he would have had to resign—and he was willing to go Instead, McDonald reversed his plan in June

It may turn out to be a Pyrrhic victory. While McDonald almost certainly will conclude that cabinet ministers heard only what they wanted to hear—in fact, they ducked the hard question of "inherent contradiction"—among the chapters in the commission's long-awaited report will be entries on the "failure on the part of the RCMP to render a full and true accounting to ministers" and details of acts by members "not authorized or provided for by law", in other words, possible criminal charges against the police

Falling through the looking glass

It could be excused as a Freudian slip David Crombie, the tiny Toronto Tory, tripped over his tongue last week in reference to "section 42 of the revolution—er, *resolution*, I mean." Amid the strained laughter from fellow members of the committee studying constitutional change, Crombie smiled brightly like a cherub caught farting in choir pratice "Sorry," he demurred "It slipped out"

Any malodor from Prime Minister Trudeau's constitutional proposals is taking a long time to slip out of Ottawa With the country largely asleep to the issue, with Trudeau jetting about the Middle East this week, with British parliamentarians largely ignorant and unconcerned about opposition to the constitution, the 25-person committee began its examination of witnesses last week in heat and anonymity But like a prairie storm, the darkness building



MITCHELL CP



Duclos (left), Nystrom: a terrible tool in the hands of the federal government

perceptibly on a distant horizon, an effective opposition began to crystallise

First there is the time factor Due to report back to the Commons by Dec 9, the committee has just 27 more sessions to go At least half of them must be devoted to rewriting the legislation, but another 61 individuals and groups have requested to make submissions, and a further 20 expert witnesses are expected to be called Each hearing drags since every question seems to make the resolution more murky than clear The New Democrats want the deadline shoved back to February "It's very difficult to justify not letting the people be heard when you're deciding their constitution," reasons Lorne Nystrom of the NDP, perhaps the brightest light so far among the MPs on the committee. "The more it's talked about, the more people are having reservations about sections of the legislation"

That is putting the matter lightly The only other NDP representative, Svend Robinson, discovered the proposed charter of rights does not even conform to the United Nations Covenant on civil and political rights Gordon Fairweather, Canada's human rights commissioner, agreed and called the charter "seriously flawed" since, as Robinson noted, any right could be imperilled by the government's ability to define "reasonable limits as are generally accepted in a free and democratic society"

The generally hasy language through much of the document had lulled most of the Liberal members into a somewhat uncomplimentary submission, particularly toward the first witness,



UPI

British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington extreme pressure, even threat of a pullout

Justice Minister Jean Chrétien In one partisan vote, the Liberals en bloc allowed Chrétien to keep from the committee—as long as he thought necessary—the results of a government opinion poll he ordered on public reaction to the constitution proposals Skilfully inserting both feet in his mouth, Ron Irwin, the leader of the Liberal side, argued publication of these poll results might alter public opinion Amid the ensuing guffaws a voice was heard "That's just the point, Ron" Later, Irwin tried to prevent a Tory from challenging Chrétien on the legality of having Britain pass the charter of rights in London before patriating the entire constitutional package into Canadian hands This exceeded the committee's mandate, Irwin argued, unsuccessfully "I can't believe this," said the stunned Tory, Perrin Beatty "It's like we've fallen through the looking glass."

But the flaws in the Trudeau proposal emerged as the week progressed Like a patient lepidopterist pinning a fluttering Chrétien to his specimen board, Conservative Senator Arthur Tremblay defined the erosion in provincial rights that the proposal could start The former constitutional adviser to Quebec

A menu of bubbly or humble pie

As the tiled corridors of Quebec's National Assembly clicked with the scurry of adjourning *députés* Thursday, one confident cabinet minister wagered an opposition backbencher a bottle of champagne that Liberal leader Claude Ryan will join Premier René Lévesque in the constitutional crunch Much more than bubbly is at stake as Quebec's three political parties struggle this week to devise a joint resolution to the British Parliament which, they all hope, will deflect Ottawa's constitutional power play

Ryan is viscerally against Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's modification of the federal constitution without consent of the provinces. He is risking the wrath of his own supporters because he fears success of the Trudeau scheme will close the door to further substantial constitutional reform before he gets a chance to take power in next year's provincial election Quebec Liberals have been told through diplomatic channels that a unanimous resolution voted by the National Assembly would seriously



FISET/UPC

Ryan: driven to risk by a gut feeling

influence Westminster Such all-party agreement in Quebec could result in a lengthy delay of debate in the U.K. House of Commons over Ottawa's petition for British legislation—a foreign law that would impose a shift in the federal-provincial balance of powers in Canada. This resolution under debate in Quebec City "cautions the British Parliament against any intervention in Canadian affairs" Significantly, that harsh wording is Ryan's, part of an amendment he proposed to the government draft which itself was limited to a polite "request" that the British refrain from consenting to Trudeau's scheme If a unanimous resolution is achieved this week, the provincial government could send an all-party delegation to London to present Quebec's case before the Commons select committee on foreign affairs

Ryan did soften his fight with Trudeau by suggesting Quebec give up its opposition to simple patriation of the constitution—on the condition that Ottawa does so without first changing it But both he and Lévesque have trouble placating their own party members with the wording of the resolution addressed to London The Liberals insist that it recognize the result of last May's referendum by mentioning Quebeckers' "rejection of sovereignty-association" and their awareness of "the advantages of federalism" The PQ replied with its own amendment, accepting to "respect the wish of most Quebec citizens to maintain Canadian federalism" and asking Ryan to sacrifice his insistence that the National Assembly praise federalism In their determination to block Trudeau, both the PQ and the Liberals are eating humble pie The outcome of the final vote, due late this week, will determine which side gets to wash it down with champagne

David Thomas

Don't rally 'round the flag, b'ys

It was to have been a show of defiance, a cocky defence of Newfoundland's territory. Premier Brian Peckford would show the flag. A yellow tongue would have flapped in the general direction of Ottawa and Quebec City, the sword on the Newfoundland banner, to tell all arriving in western Labrador by road that Quebec stops here. Peckford, promoting Newfoundland's "sacred rights" against the proposed patriation of the BNA Act, was "kicking around" this idea of personally planting the flag on the border to make his point. He has been trying to rally the province against Trudeau's constitutional package, with the warning that its amending provisions will open the way for Ottawa to give Quebec what it has ever claimed, a portion of Labrador, over Newfoundland's puny objections. That may sound farfetched opponents of Peckford's approach have called him "hysterical" and "xenophobic," and news of his flag-waving scheme did little to allay their concern

Then Peckford abandoned the idea without comment, except to say it was



IVAN WILSON

just an idea, not a firm plan. Strongest opposition to it had come from the residents of the two mining towns near the border, Wabush and Labrador City, not yet ready to be put on a war footing with their neighbors in Fermont, Que., about 30 km away on the only road out of the province. The three towns are grouped together in relative isolation, but the border does divide political opinion fairly cleanly and the Labradorians didn't want the battle of the provinces drawn into their daily lives by any overt brandishing of the flag. Friendships, sports leagues and shopping trips regularly span the border "Done this way, a flag would be construed as showing aggression," says Len Layte, president of the steelworkers' union in Labrador City. "It's better to avoid this sort of thing" Most members of the local Chamber of Commerce feel the same way, a survey showed, and Liberal Opposition leader Len Stirling, after a recent visit to the towns, said, "I did not find a single person who agreed with such a provocation What they said was, 'Keep this maniac out of here.'" So now, instead of flagrant provocation, the government is, without ceremony, having the plain sign at the border replaced with a bigger one in bright colors, bearing a bold map of the province of "Newfoundland and Labrador"

Geoff Hunt





UPI

Kershaw (left), Carrington (above, left), MacGuigan, (centre) and Sir Ian Gilmore a luncheon date was cancelled

premiers Robert Bourassa and René Lévesque argued that Ottawa will change the balance of power by giving itself, and not the provinces, the right to seek constitutional change by national referendum in case of deadlock. "Who decides when there is a deadlock?" he asked. "It looks very much like the federal government decides. But what if the provinces disagree there is a deadlock? Can they present their views anywhere? It looks very much like unilateral action." Concluded Tremblay: "In a federal state, you should never play one level of government against the other."

"The referendum is a terrible tool in the hands of the federal government," agreed Liberal Louis Duclos, one of three Liberal MPs to openly argue that the resolution requires change. None of the three is a committee member. "The federal government chooses the time, it drafts the question. It has quite an edge over the provinces." Only last week Duclos realized the referendum could result in Quebec losing its right to veto any change to the constitution. This would be anathema to the majority of Quebeckers who regard their provincial government as having special responsibility for protecting French language and culture.

While various premiers have spoken of lobbying against the proposals in Britain, few in Ottawa believe Margaret Thatcher's government will resist any request for patriation, even if it includes a Trudeau-made amending formula that conceivably could, in time, curtail provincial powers. British officials report that extreme pressure has been put on Thatcher by Canada, including even the threat of pulling out of the Commonwealth. The British standing committee on foreign affairs which will examine the Canadian proposal when Ottawa finally approves it early next year has no power to do anything but recommend a course of action to Thatcher's cabinet. The committee's chairman, Anthony Kershaw, was given a taste of things to come when the Canadian High Commission abruptly cancelled a recent luncheon it had planned for him. Christian Hardy, Canada's deputy high commissioner in London, explained that Canada merely sought to avoid the appearance of trying to influence Kershaw, but the action was interpreted by the British as Canadian displeasure over the fact the committee was making any sort of inquiry at all. On the face of it, however, any such retaliation seems excessive. "In Britain, it's not generally realized that the government of Canada consists of the provincial as well as the federal governments," said one Labour MP last week of his efforts to rally some support for the dissident premiers. **Ian Anderson, with files from Alan Harvey and Len Shippey in London**

The War of the Worlds 2

I have some shocking news that will affect all of you. We have just been informed that the United States, only moments ago, declared war on Iran.
—Peter Gnish, Nov. 10, 1980



ERIC HAYES

Gnish and Smith: how do you face your classmates after running out in tears?

If a fella can't trust his high-school principal, whom can he trust? Thus, when Gnish's message came seething out of the PA system at the Milton District High School, just outside Toronto, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the 1,100 students and 70 teachers had no reason not to fear the worst.

Gnish persevered. President Carter had tried again to pull off a rescue, it had failed. In retaliation, three U.S. hostages had been executed and the rest were soon to go their way. And, oh yes, by the way, Canada had declared war also. Prime Minister Trudeau had imposed the draft for all men between the ages of 18 and 30. They would have to register within seven days.

Shock rolled over the school. Girls ran from their classes in tears. Some boys in their late teens wept. Others stood in the hall muttering, "We didn't start the war—we aren't going." Teachers also cried in disbelief.

Gnish, 43, and a teacher for 20 years, let his victims squirm for a full eight minutes before he revealed that it was all a hoax—or rather, as he unrepentingly put it, a dramatic exercise to ensure a proper emotional buildup for Remembrance Day. "We sure got a reaction," he said. It was one his 1,100 charges could have done without. Declared an angry students' council president, 17-year-old Randy Smith: "How do you face your classmates after running out in tears?"

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A courtship of fame leads to misfortune


EDWARDS/CP


CP

Karada, Dexter...his name on the program to change red ink to black

Canada's flagship theatre, the Stratford Festival, has been drifting blindly since its captain and artistic director, Robin Phillips, stepped on shore for good. Unable to find a suitable replacement at home or abroad, the festival board settled two months ago for an all-Canadian artistic directorate of Pam Brighton, Martha Henry, Urjo Kareda and Peter Moss. Now, in a sudden reversal which has stunned Canada's theatre community, the board has fired the directorate and replaced them with John Dexter, an Englishman currently a director at New York's Metropolitan Opera. In a farcical subplot, while Dexter pays his first visit to Stratford this week, Phillips will return to announce his plans for a new international theatre company based in Toronto and London.

The board claims that the directorate was dismissed because their proposed season would create a $1.3-million deficit; the directorate claims Dexter was the board's choice all along because he is not Canadian and has an international reputation. Says Stratford literary manager Kareda: "We were told about the projected deficit 10 seconds before we were fired. It took us totally by surprise." Board Vice-President John Lawson counters: "There was no time to lose—if we wanted Dexter we had to go after him right away." But Dexter is not even expected to substantially revise the quartet's lineup—just his name on the programs will apparently transform red ink to black.

The treatment of the directorate (the board has not apologized for their abrupt dismissal) has inflamed the continuing debate over the Canadianizing of Stratford. The first blow was struck by the Actors Equity Association at an emergency meeting last week when it announced that members who accept work will be boycotted. Governments have reacted too. Ontario's culture minister, Reuben Baetz, speculated in the legislature about Stratford's attitude toward its large government subsidies: "They seem to have developed the attitude of 'You leave the money on a stump in the forest and we'll pick it up.'"

Meanwhile, Dexter's friend Peter Stevens, whose appointment as festival executive director raised a lesser furore last month, has flown down to New York to consult with him, in essence, Stratford's 1981 season is being planned in the United States by two Britons. After their initial outbursts, the members of the directorate are lying low, stunned and delighted that their cause has been taken up with such vehemence. Says Kareda: "The saddest part is that we'll never know whether the festival can work with Canadians running it." The board is defiant, convinced that the theatre's best interests are being served. Says Lawson: "This theatre wouldn't be here if an Englishman, Tyrone Guthrie, hadn't founded it." The lines have been drawn and the battle promises to be bloody.

Mark Czarnecki

The art of broken promises

"It has got to the point in the arts where we spend more effort and money to control than to create. My resignation can't hurt the gallery more than the inertia the government has shown it over the years." With those words, Hsio-Yen Shih concluded a toughly worded press conference last week, explaining why, after only four years, she can no longer remain as director of the National Gallery of Canada. Her resignation came as a shock, but as no real surprise, to Ottawa's arts establishment.

Shih's predecessor, Jean Sutherland Boggs, resigned in 1976 after losing a bitter battle with her corporate overlords in the National Museums' Corporation, and Shih's litany of grievances last week sounded alarmingly like a replay. They include a string of broken promises to replace the inadequate office building which can display only four per cent of the gallery's $50-billion collection.* They also include devastating financial cuts, notably $1 million in 1979, which amounted to two-thirds of the gallery's acquisitions budget. While that was restored by the government one week before Shih resigned, there is still the havoc caused by a 30-per-cent cut in the operating budget over the past two years. Her most serious charge by far involved increasing bureaucratic control. Moves by the National Museums' Corporation to instil greater corporate loyalty in its directors will, she fears, alienate them from their own institutions.



FRANKLIN/GLOBE AND MAIL

Shih's tough stand has temporarily silenced her many critics, but there is a notable dearth of tributes pouring in. Insiders feel her resignation will not threaten the gallery's uncertain future, controlled as it is by a process so complex that it goes on regardless. The question now is whether Shih's unhappy leaving has challenged the process enough that it will change itself.

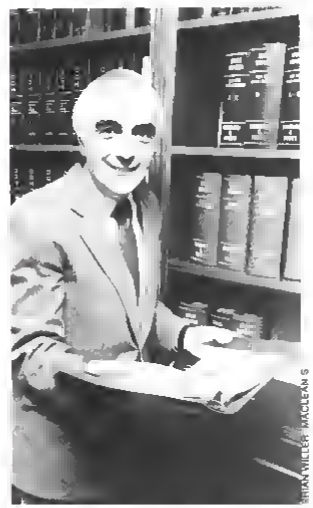
Elizabeth Gray

**By comparison, the National Gallery in Washington can display up to 70 per cent of its collection.*

The underwriting on the wall

By Gillian MacKay

The sacred cows of the financial community are under attack. Bay Street had barely recovered from the perceived affront to its values of Robert Campeau's unsuccessful bid for Royal Trust when Midland Doherty Ltd., one of the largest brokerage firms in Canada, announced in early November that it wished to go public. Going public—the process of offering shares to the public and allowing them to be traded on stock exchanges—is not permitted to brokerage firms under current regulations. It has long been considered undignified, if not positively seditious, in the upper echelons of the brokerage business. Public ownership, and the increased financial muscle that goes with it, has been allowed for almost 10 years in the United States where it has helped power the remarkable growth of firms such as Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner & Smith Inc. Midland's proposal, which took the industry by surprise, must be voted on by no fewer than 18 exchanges and regulatory bodies in Canada and the U.S., and a decision is unlikely before 1981. If approved, Midland would become a subsidiary of Great Northern Financial Corp., a financial services company controlled by Toronto financier George Mann through his Unicorp Financial Corp. Midland employees, who now own the company completely, would control 74.5 per cent of the combined company, Unicorp 17.9 per cent and the public the rest. Midland's shareholders' equity would increase from $18 million to $29 million. Although no one will admit it, the prospect of such a huge increase in financial clout has no doubt sent a chill through the cosy corridors of Midland's competitors.


BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S


BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Mann (left), Weldon (above): sour grapes, a chill through competitors' corridors

The unlikely leader of this revolution is David Weldon, the soft spoken gentlemanly chairman of Midland Doherty, whose hobby is raising Angus cattle and standardbred horses at his 700-acre farm outside London, Ont. As president of the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, where last year he won the prize for the champion bull, he officially welcomed Queen Elizabeth's cousins at the fair opening last week. Though Weldon is no stranger to the establishment, his firm does not have the same blue-chip image as do, for example, Wood Gundy, Dominion Securities, McLeod Young Weir or Burns Fry. Nevertheless, it is admired for sharp management and high profits (Midland's 63.9-per-cent return on capital was the highest in the industry in 1979).

In the peculiar aristocracy of the brokerage world, prestige is determined by one's place in the pecking order of corporate finance. Wood Gundy leads the pack with 22 per cent of the market in underwriting—the packaging and bringing to market of new issues of stocks and bonds. Dominion Securities is in second place, with McLeod and fast-growing Burns Fry close behind. All the majors are picking up business from A.E. Ames Ltd., another top-ranking firm that recently has suffered losses and management upheaval. Building on its beginnings in a small bond sales office started by Weldon's father, Midland draws its strength from selling stocks and bonds to small- and medium-sized investors. Its string of 43 offices across Canada and sales force of 500 placed it in a strong position to profit from the stock market boom of the past three years. In underwriting, however, Midland remains in the middle ranks, as seen by the positioning of its name in the "tombstone" ads in financial pages where dealers are ranked by importance in an underwriting issue. Occasionally Midland has subscribed to a larger portion of an issue than another firm appearing higher on the list. Weldon says, "but the other guy screams that he won't have his name

CANADA'S TOP INVESTMENT BROKERS

1979 Rank	Dealer	Capital ($000)	After tax profits ($000)
1	Wood Gundy	32,272	1,697
2	Merrill Lynch Royal Securities	26,209	5,693
3	Burns Fry	26,117	5,360
4	Dominion Securities	23,548	5,623
5	Pitfield Mackay Ross	20,334	7,255
6	Midland Doherty	20,318	8,008
7	Richardson Securities	18,530	—
8	A.E. Ames	18,068	—
9	McLeod Young Weir	16,380	—
10	Nesbitt Thomson	15,692	4,720
11	Walwyn Stodgell Cochran Murray	12,435	4,078
12	Greenshields	11,556	2,900

Source: THE FINANCIAL POST

appear below ours It's a touchy, sensitive subject." Midland can be touchy, too, "but not at the expense of losing the business," Weldon grins

Financial observers have speculated that, if allowed to go public, Midland will use its greater financial strength to coax large accounts away from the top-bracket firms But Weldon says, "the large firms are damned good It would take a major wrench to lure the major accounts away" Rather, Midland intends to expand its retail services and strengthen its already well-established niche in underwriting issues of small- and medium-sized companies The industry is whetting its appetite for a boom in underwriting which is expected to arise from the huge capital requirements of business in the 1980s Although there is strong disagreement within the industry on this point, some say that brokerage firms—which depend on bank borrowings, employee investments and highly undependable profits to raise funds for their own expansion—do not have the financial strength they will need to carry them through the '80s without access to public markets Hence, the Midland move

The arguments most commonly advanced against public ownership are that service declines when profit maximization is the only goal, and that outside owners could use the firm to the detriment of its other clients Weldon argues that with appropriate restrictions on ownership and an arms-length relationship with Unicorp, public ownership might actually improve Midland by making it more accountable.

Midland's proposal is likely to receive the go-ahead, despite a faint aura of industry disapproval, which may just be sour grapes from those who resent Midland's success and wish they could emulate it If Midland is able to reproduce the success of its U S counterparts, we can expect to see an about-face of private firms heading for the public thoroughfare

Not out of the woods yet

Although it's something short of a rout, the exit of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation's forestry arm from Canada in the last year has been something more than a strategic withdrawal The $420-million deal that saw the dilapidated mills and rich B C forestlands of ITT's subsidiary, Rayonier Canada Limited, pass to three high-flying B C forest companies this month signalled the end—save for a small New Brunswick sawmill—of the huge U S conglomerate's presence in Canada's forests



VANCOUVER SUN



B C JENNINGS

Woodfibre plant (above), SCFP's Benson the bête noire, disaster of bad planning

It couldn't have been better news for the B C forest community Rayonier had been the sick man of the industry. The company's two pulp mills, one at Port Alice on the north end of Vancouver Island, and Woodfibre near Squamish, north of Vancouver, badly needed updating Woodfibre (built in 1912), which spews foul-smelling smoke into scenic Howe Sound, has been the bête noire of Vancouver environmentalists for decades The three purchasers, a consortium made up of B C Forest Products Ltd (second-largest B C -integrated forest company) and the smaller Vancouver-based Whonnock Industries Ltd and Duncan-based Doman Industries Ltd., are universally considered the Ferraris of the business—lean, profitable and well-managed Besides the two pulp mills, the partners share equally in three Vancouver area sawmills as well as a million acres of some of the best forestland in the province

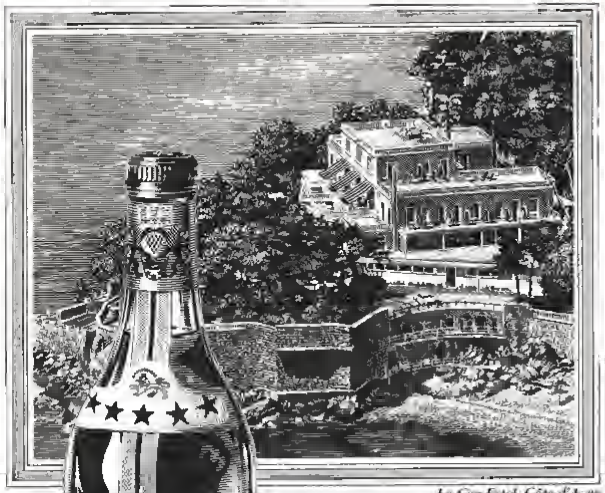
From ITT's point of view, the sale is part of a continuing push to trim the extravagant ITT empire of 375,000 employees in 80 countries with 1979 revenues of $21 8 billion (U S), built by former chairman Harold S Geneen In recent years the winnowing has seen the closing of six money-losing businesses, including three electronics manufacturers in Europe ITT was particularly stung in the fall of 1979 by the ignoble end of the five-year-old Rayonier pulp mill in Port Cartier, Que —a pet Geneen project—with the loss of 1,300 jobs That disaster of bad planning and poor labor relations cost ITT a $320-million writeoff in 1979

Last spring, with the Quebec wound still bloody, and faced with a $400-million B.C. cleanup commitment and no satisfactory partner for the Woodfibre mill, ITT wanted out It tried to flog Rayonier Canada to, among others, the B C Resources Investment Corporation (BCRIC) and Canadian Pacific Enterprises Limited, before calling Kenneth P. Benson, president of the aggressive B.C. Forest Products, in August. Benson cancelled a fishing vacation and bit. Since his company had already been committed to a $900-million expansion program, he called Herb Doman, the former truck driver from Vancouver Island, and William Sauder, president of Whonnock Industries, a coastal logging operation. The ensuing deal became the largest transfer of assets and real estate in B C corporate history.

The new jointly held son-of-Rayonier, dubbed Western Forest Products Ltd , is something of a cure-all It gives the principals a luscious slice of timberland, it gives B.C. a repatriated company safe from Canadian Pacific and the dreaded Ian Sinclair, and it gives Rayonier's 3,000 beleaguered employees, despite continued nervousness about the future of their creaky old mills, the satisfaction of having an employer whose business is forestry. And perhaps not least, it allows a battered ITT to get the chilling damp of the Canadian forest out of its corporate bones.

Thomas Hopkins





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The scalpel and the picket sign

By Ann Silversides

The night before Halloween prolonged loud but slightly nervous laughter filled the downtown Toronto convention centre as some 1,500 interns and residents from all over Ontario reacted to the interruption of an on-call beeper letting out its urgent, shrill tones. Three-and-a-half hours earlier, the interns and residents had gone on strike. They were no longer on call. The laughter had a touch of nervousness because for most of the assembled group the decision to go on strike was not an easy one. They had, after all, sworn an oath to care for the sick, and the beeper reminded them. Their only solace in this moral dilemma was that they had gone on strike to, quite literally, lose the right to strike.

The first-ever strike by Ontario's 2,400 interns and residents was the most dramatic recent indication of that group's nationwide increased militancy. Within three days of Ontario's strike, Alberta interns and residents voted to stage work-to-rule action. Last year, Quebec interns and residents went on a bitter five-week strike. "Our frustration has reached, to use a medical term, toxic levels," says Dr. Keith Bowering, president of the Professional Associa-

Picketing interns and residents going on strike to lose the right to strike



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tion of Interns and Residents in Alberta What prompted these doctors—completing their qualifying year of training and pursuing medical specialties—to take collective action was a demand for recognition of their work as essential to the functioning of teaching hospitals, with appropriate salaries and benefits. Ultimately the 12-year-old Professional Association of Interns and Residents of Ontario (PAIRO) was asking for the right to binding arbitration as the mechanism for solving disputes Under binding arbitration, if two groups cannot settle a dispute they hand it over to a third party and are bound to agree with the third party's solution Strikes are not possible

The apprentice doctors are a "damned essential" cog in the wheel of a health care team, says Dr Lee Errett, 28 With university and almost a decade of medical training behind him, Errett is chief resident in cardiovascular and thoracic surgery at the Kingston General Hospital and says he puts in about 100 hours a week, about 10 hours more than the average for PAIRO members He does rounds of patients, teaches more junior residents and interns, gives seminars and performs operations either under supervision or alone if his supervising doctors deem him capable "That's how you learn A resident is a student, a colleague of his staff man, who functions with more and more responsibility " Salaries for fourth-year residents like Errett jumped from $18 523 to $24,500 a year (as recommended by a mediator) after work-to-rule action by PAIRO this summer

A reduction in on-call hours has been another demand of the doctors "There's no reason that anyone should have to work 100 hours a week," says Errett "I wouldn't want to be operating on my father if I'd been up 36 hours straight " Any strike action demands careful consideration, but for PAIRO members the decision was particularly painful "When you go into medicine, you have a certain dedication to your job and to your patients," says Anna Kobylecky, 27, an intern at The Wellesley Hospital in Toronto "If you really believe what you are doing is essential, then having to leave your patients is hard to do People are going to have bad

O'Byrne a sssential employees, not students



FAITH GOEN THE GLOBE AND MAIL

consciences." Since PAIRO members are also students, in striking they risked ruffling the feathers of their teachers the doctors who supervise them have a say in judging their academic performance and take on increased work loads during a strike

Depending on which side talks about the Ontario dispute, the matter is either extremely simple or extremely complex To Dr Paul O'Byrne, 29, PAIRO president and final-year resident in respiratory medicine in Hamilton, it is simple. "We are hospital employees providing a frontline service and we should have independent compulsory binding arbitration like all other hospital employees in Ontario because it is inappropriate for physicians to go on strike." The final

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Mr. Michael Morrison photographed in Scotland

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straw in their negotiations was a document from the Council of Ontario Faculties of Medicine (COFM) to the government stating that PAIRO members are "primarily" students, a document produced after a mediator had deemed them "essential employees." "When it's 4 a.m. and they wheel in another psychotic patient," says Dr. Michael Jeavons, a fourth-year psychiatry resident in Hamilton, "I'm sure as hell providing service and I want that recognized."

But Boyd McAulay, president of the Ontario Council of Administrators of Teaching Hospitals (OCATH), which negotiates with PAIRO, has argued that the effects of granting binding arbitration could reverberate throughout the system. Although interns and residents in British Columbia, Manitoba and Newfoundland have won the right to binding arbitration, the COFM—which controls all appointments of PAIRO members—maintains that binding arbitration could endanger educational aspects of internship and residency.

Such educational matters are excluded from the agreement that was

McAulay: reverbarations for all sectors



reached between OCATH and PAIRO after the six-day strike. The administrators finally agreed that the binding arbitration process should cover wages and working conditions but not hours of work, which are considered critical to training. Despite the settlement, an aftertaste remains that the indecision of the provincial government prolonged the confrontation. The experience has chastened the apprentice doctors to the ways of politics. "Yes, we swore the Hippocratic oath," says Dr. Andrew Packer, 25, a third-year resident in Kingston. "But Hippocrates never had to practise medicine under [Health Minister] Dennis Timbrell."

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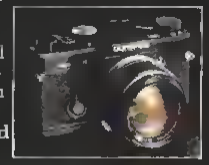
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Music

For the record

ARETHA
Aretha Franklin
(Arista/Capitol EMI)

It's going to take more and something other than this to restore fully her illustrious name, but on the first album for her new record company, after a decade of floundering, Lady Soul is showing some sign of reflowering. Although the arrangement is so speedy it seems insensitive, Otis Redding's *Can't Turn You Loose* is a song worth singing, while *What a Fool Believes* is made more funky than it deserves. Disappointingly, most of the other material is so base that not even the magic of Franklin's undiminished voice can do much to upgrade it.

HARD TIMES
Lacy J. Dalton
(Columbia/CBS)

Again you can grouse about the conventional production by Billy Sherrill, whose work with Tammy Wynette is often bland, but Dalton displays the same skills as singer and writer that made her debut album, released earlier this year, good news. Described most briefly as a hard Emmylou Harris, Dalton has a bluesier voice and a touch of the outlaw that, unlike that of Marshall Chapman, another good old girl, is not made too much of. There's grit in her growl on *Me N' You*, but *Hillbilly Girl With the Blues* is wistfully forlorn even with lines as hard bitten as "There's nothing worse than noun/When the mornin' sun shines through."

David Livingstone

PROKOFIEV: ALEXANDER NEVSKY
Conducted by Claudio Abbado
(DG/PolyGram)

This fiery cantata based on Prokofiev's score for Eisenstein's superb 1938 film, *Alexander Nevsky*, barely holds together as a complete work, but includes episodes so striking that one hardly cares. The violence of the musical propaganda—the snarling brutality of the Teutonic knights, the resplendent hymn-singing of the Russian peasant warriors—almost spills over into caricature, but just stops short. In the celebrated *Battle on the Ice*, Prokofiev's music is a vivid reminder that medieval warfare must have been one of the world's greatest spectator sports. The London Symphony Orchestra chorus sings with feudal fervor and Abbado leads them into battle with all the authority of the mighty Alexander, Prince of Novgorod.

John Pearce



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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

A poisonous game of one-upmanship

By Michael Posner

The human muscle is in some respects like a light switch, turning on and off in response to stimuli. Enzymes help the muscle expand and contract. The efficacy of nerve gas lies in its ability to prolong contraction. The gas inhibits the enzyme that tells the muscle to turn off. Applied to human skin, less than 10 mg of VX, the most lethal nerve agent, is apt to be fatal. The victim's body vibrates as the muscles go into spasm. Then there is respiratory paralysis and, quite soon thereafter, death by asphyxiation.

Later this month, the U.S. Senate will vote on a portentous piece of legislation, a $19-million bill authorizing the army to prepare for production of a new generation of nerve gas weapons. This appropriation, and another $3.15 million already allocated, will equip a chemical assembly line in Pine Bluff, Ark., to manufacture binary weapons—so-called because their lethal components are stored separately and do not mix until flight. The House of Representatives has endorsed the proposal and Senate approval is widely expected. But that is only the beginning. Before the decade is out, the army plans a $4-billion program to dismantle current inventories and build tons of nerve gas artillery shells, missiles and "Big Eye" bombs.

The present proposals do not constitute a licence to begin weapon production, under U.S. law, only the president can give that go-ahead. But the Pine Bluff appropriations do reverse a 10-year moratorium on offensive manufacturing. In so doing, they have detonated a small charge among several sectors of American opinion, a debate that seems likely to intensify in the months ahead.

An interagency study under the aegis of the National Security Council is nearing completion, and the president's decision will likely be based on its recommendations. But while the resolution remains in doubt, the prevailing mood in Congress is decidedly hawkish. On general questions of armament, a growing number of senators and representatives believe the Soviet Union will soon forge ahead of American capability. Concern over Soviet arms buildups has been aggravated by Moscow's incursion in Afghanistan and by America's vulnerability in the strategically critical Persian Gulf. These developments have made American politicians increasingly sympathetic to requests for greater defence budget appropriations—a swift, dramatic reversal of post-Vietnam sentiment.

The nerve gas issue is particularly thorny because of continuing reports—still unconfirmed—that Soviet troops have used chemical weapons against the Afghan rebels. The army lends more credence to earlier reports of chemical warfare in Laos and Kampuchea, although these charges, too, are denied by the Soviets. "Something is going on over there," concedes one state department official. Whether the chemicals are lethal nerve gases or simply toxic incapacitants we don't know. We're trying to persuade the United Nations to conduct an impartial investigation."





U.S. ARMY



UPI

Meselson (top left), U.S. Army protective gear (top right), testing for nerve gas leaks (above); demolishing a 10-year moratorium with a new generation of nerve gas weapons

Defenders of the binary program note that the new technology is significantly safer to store, ship and maintain. Few weapons in the current stockpile have developed leaks and no major accidents have occurred, yet the risk remains. "It's just an extra measure of safety and security," argues defence department spokesman Maj. Lee Delorme. "You're still in greater jeopardy stepping off a street corner in Ottawa than you are handling a nerve gas munition. But there's no question binary is safer."

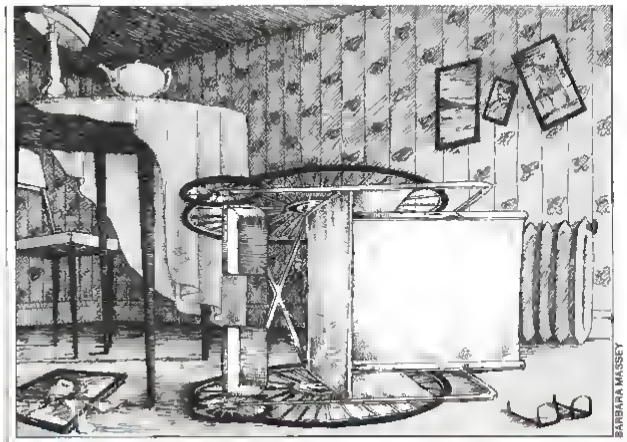
The critics wonder how much the margin of safety is worth. Says Harvard biochemist Matthew Meselson: "Yes, binary is safer in principle. But how unsafe are the single-fill munitions? The fact is, the army hasn't had a single serious accident in 30 years of maintenanre. The safety argument is being manipulated to get the program going." Meselson rejects outright the suggestion that the present U.S. chemical arsenal is obsolete or rapidly deteriorating. By his estimate, the army now has in storage more than a million artillery projectiles, several thousand aerial bombs, hundreds of thousands of land mines and about 1,000 aircraft spray tanks—each filled with nerve agents of various kinds. "Properly maintained," he says, "[the arsenal] could last indefinitely."

Proponents of binary munitions say the safety factor may make them more acceptable to U.S. allies in Europe—the probable theatre of chemical warfare in most military scenarios. Meselson is skeptical. "The West Germans already refuse to store additional chemical weapons on their soil or train troops with them, and binary will be no more lovable. The Europeans know that nerve gases kill more unprotected civilians than they do soldiers."

In fact, it is Meselson's thesis that chemical warfare waged against a well-protected enemy is largely ineffective. Poison gas does not eliminate enemy battalions or equipment. "It may encumber the enemy; it may reduce his combat effectiveness if he has to wear a mask and special clothing; but it's not going to wipe him off the battlefield. Conventional artillery can inflict far more damage."

Other critics question whether a new American initiative in offensive weaponry would jeopardize a Soviet-U.S. chemical warfare convention. Negotiations for such a pact, begun in 1976, have bogged down on the issue of verification; both sides agree on the principle, but not on the details. Should there be on-site inspection? If so, what would one be allowed to inspect? What equipment would be permitted? What insurance against espionage could be provided? Answers to these and other questions have proved elusive.

Some Pentagon officials hope the binary program would persuade the Soviets to take the negotiations more seriously. U.S. arms control analysts fear the opposite reaction—that the Soviets would regard it as a cue to resume their own offensive weapon production, giving yet another twist to the relentless wheel of one-upmanship. It is an indication of the current climate in Washington that a majority in Congress seems scarcely fazed by the prospect. ◆



BARBARA MASSEY

Evicting violence from the family circle

By Barbara Matthews

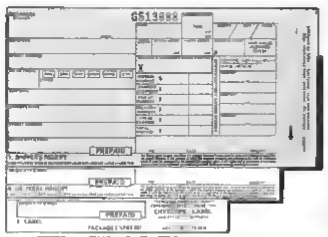
Although publicity over wife-beating and child abuse has shown the family to be the single most violent collective, most Canadians still believe that the family is society's most loving and supportive institution. That's why so many viewers were shocked earlier this year to see what is perhaps the most pathetic form of family violence—called "granny bashing" in news reports—dramatized in a *Quincy* episode titled "Honor Thy Elders." The segment told the story of an 80-year-old man who killed himself rather than face another brutal beating from the middle-aged, middle-class son with whom he lived. The authenticity of the plot made it all the more horrifying—it was researched for nearly five months by the star's brother, Peter Klugman, who is now convinced that cruelty to the elderly is as prevalent as any other form of family violence. "Legislators are reluctant to admit elderly abuse exists because there are no laws to stop it," Klugman says. "Admitting it would be self-indicting."

Last month the Standing Senate Committee on Health, Welfare and Science did far more than admit that abuse of the aged exists. In a 90-page report to the federal government, it articulated what family care workers have been struggling to make clear for years: if society wants to protect its old people, it must first protect its children, because violence is not caused by alcohol or poverty or stress. Violence is a learned behavioral response insidiously passed from one generation to the next. In order to be stopped, it must never be allowed to start. The report, *Child at Risk*, likens the first years of life to the pouring of cement. "If you do not mix the batch right, you are stuck with it and you have to go at it with a sledgehammer later, and it is a slow, difficult and almost impossible process." It is also, more often than not, a thankless task.

Because a large segment of society respects the traditional sanctity of the family, interference in its internal workings is regarded as a gross invasion of privacy. British Columbia's child abuse hotline, set up a year ago by the province's ministry of human resources in an effort to encourage more members of the public to report suspected cases of child abuse, receives an average of 500 legitimate calls from all over the province every month, yet the program (soon to be duplicated in Alberta) has been criticized as an Orwellian "Big Brother is watching" method of state interference. Dr. Robert Bates, 36, head of the child abuse unit at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, thinks it is time for society to take responsibility, whether it is welcomed or not. "Children should be looked on as a resource

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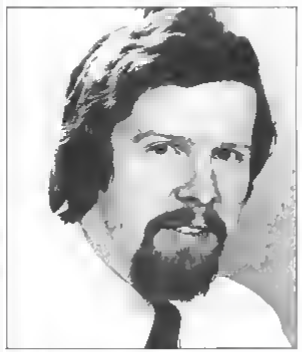
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of the community, not as property owned by the family."

The idea that one family member—usually the weakest—belongs to another seems as common today as it was hundreds of years ago Linda MacLeod, a senior researcher with the Canadian Advisory Council on the Statue of Women, points out in a recent report, *Wife Battering in Canada. The Vicious Circle*, that most women have always been expected to obey their husbands Since that relationship is still largely condoned, husbands often slap, punch or constantly berate their wives without realizing that what they are doing is wrong The council estimates that at least one in 10 women will be battered by a mate this year The aftermath is seen daily at a huge home in



Bates 'Children should be looked on as a community resource, not family property'

Toronto's old Annex neighborhood Originally built for a large turn-of-the-century family, the Interval House battered wife shelter is now filled with family fragments Says Judy Gorton, a 31-year-old staff member "Husbands must recognize the fact that they have no right to lay even a finger on their wives and no excuse—even being drunk—to do so" Gorton's solution to the wife-beating problem is simple, but she believes in it absolutely children should never be struck "Hitting a child teaches her or him that, if you love someone, it's okay to hit them."

Hand in hand with physical abuse and just as dangerous, says the Senate committee's *Child at Risk* report, is psychological violence emotional deprivation, rejection and neglect Calculated to reduce self-esteem, the results of psychological trauma have been well documented Unloved children become unloving adults who do unto others The others are often their own parents in later years when the roles and the dependency have been switched Contrary to popular belief, well over half the nation's elderly live in family settings, often with their adult children who feel pressured by society to keep them Sometimes barely tolerated for their pension cheques, shut away in upstairs rooms, made to eat alone in the kitchen because they are messy, many old people live out their last years in misery Yhetta Gold of Winnipeg's Age and Opportunity Centre, a private agency that has been providing services to the well elderly for 22 years and is now participating in a group studying abuse of the aged, says "People who always tried to work out their problems have a better chance of coping Violence toward the aged parent is a result of animosity that has accumulated over the years." Diane DePass of Edmonton, a 27-year-old working mother whose elderly father moved in when she and her husband were first married five years ago, is happy with the arrangement and perplexed at reports of maltreatment "I can't believe a loved and well-treated child would turn around and abuse his parents The bottom line is love and respect."

When there is no love and respect, when there is nothing but fear and hopelessness, many battered family members think about getting out and find the alternatives even more discouraging Old people face financial insecurity, decreasing mobility, loneliness and institutionalization Women with little money encounter welfare laws that require them to leave the matrimonial home and file for a separation or divorce before they are eligible And as for children—unless their situation is brought to the attention of a social agency which will then have to battle in court to get them out of the home, their abuse will only end with adulthood



BRIAN WILLER, MACLEAN'S

Gorton breaking the insidious cycle

The preventive solution advocated by Bates of the Hospital for Sick Children stresses the need for legislation that would allow the monitoring by social agencies of expectant parents Whenever destructive attitudes emerged, counselling could begin before birth In a list of recommendations presented to the federal government last spring, the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women said, "The community has an obligation to do everything possible to protect any and all of its members from violence regardless of age, sex, marital status, or where the violence takes place, and to encourage long-range prevention through educational programs [and] information campaigns." The preventive theme was repeated yet again in last month's Senate committee report, which further advocated the promotion of parenting courses by all levels of government Until the rest of society realizes that the only way to reduce family violence permanently is to break the generational cycle, interference by what has been called a "tidal wave of professionalism" will continue to be viewed as an unwarranted invasion of the sanctity of the family And the old song *You Always Hurt the One You Love* will remain a painful and unnecessary truism

With files from Catherine Rodd

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Labor

Between a rock and a soft bonus

For Kevin Wright, death was swift but grisly. Four hundred metres underground, the 24-year-old miner stood in a dark, damp mine shaft manoeuvring a jackhammer over his head. Suddenly the ground above him gave way. A sharp, 70 kg rock landed on his face and chest, cutting him severely. Wright's death earlier this month came as a shock to his 200 fellow miners at the remote northern Manitoba outpost of Leaf Rapids. And it left union officials in nearby Thompson, Man., even more suspicious of something they've long been wary about: the bonus system.

Under the bonus system, which operates in nearly all Canadian hard-rock mines, miners are paid a basic wage plus a bonus if they produce above a specified amount. While companies defend the system as a safe way of motivating miners to work hard, a growing number of union officials are charging that, in the hurry to add to their production tallies, miners end up cutting safety corners, sometimes with tragic results. In Wright's case, RCMP investigators found that there were no rock bolts—which miners are supposed to install to prop up the ceiling—within 60 metres of the accident site. Union officials say this is unsafe and suspect that Wright and the others in his crew



Ardiel: cutting corners with tragic results

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Underground at Texasgulf, (inset) Amaden a compelling case against the bonus system

may have been ignoring safety procedures in order to speed up production. "It's human nature," says Fred McGee, vice-president of the United Steelworkers in Thompson. "You wave a carrot in a guy's face and he's going to chase it."

Unions traditionally have shied away from criticizing the bonus system since most miners like the fact that it allows them to increase their incomes, often to more than $20,000 a year. "It's next to wife and kids," confides one union secretary. Yet despite the continuing popularity of the system, unions have been more willing recently to question its merits. "It's not worth jeopardizing life and limb for," says Ray Holland, president of the United Mine Workers in Glace Bay, N.S. In Ontario, where mining fatalities jumped from eight to 22 in the past two years, union officials have been surprisingly critical of the bonus system in presentations to the current federal-provincial inquiry into mining safety, which will move from Northern Ontario to Toronto by the end of the month. They argue that under the complex rate system miners essentially are rewarded for the amount of ore they produce, with little reward for performing vital safety functions—like scaling the walls to make sure no loose rock is about to fall. Bruce Campbell, spokesman for the industry-sponsored Mines Accident Prevention Association of Ontario, says the time needed to carry out safety measures is taken into consideration when the rate is set. He also points out that some companies provide small additional incentives for working safely—such as giving an engraved pen to a miner who has completed more than 100 shifts without an accident. But engraved pens pale in comparison with the big sums to be made in bonus payments. "Without shortcuts, some guys would have their incomes cut by $10,000 a year," says George Smith, a bonus miner who has worked at Sudbury's Inco mine for 30 years.

While the bonus system can mean bonanza earnings for miners, it also gives the company considerable control over the pay packets its employees take home. Unlike wages, which usually are hammered out in tough labor-management bargaining, bonus rates are set exclusively by the company and can be changed unilaterally. Inco worker Mark Ardiel says the gains many Inco workers made in wage increases after last year's bitter strike were whittled away when the company reduced certain bonus rates, a charge Inco denies. "We have to work harder now to make the same bonus," Ardiel maintains.

The most compelling case against the bonus system may be the example of Texasgulf's mine in Timmins. It's the only Ontario mine that doesn't use the bonus system, yet it boasts the best safety record in the province. Miners at Texasgulf take home roughly the same pay as bonus miners elsewhere—except for the really top bonus miners. And Texasgulf officials say they have had no trouble keeping their work force highly motivated. Comments Assistant General Manager Mike Amsden: "That really hasn't been a problem for us."

Linda McQuaig







'Lake Lucerne: The Bay of Uri From Above Brunnen' (left): England's greatest

'Lausanne, Sunset' (below): no passion for people

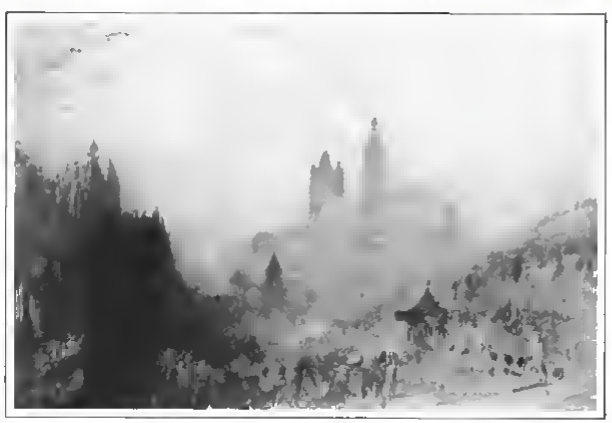
'Eruption of Vesuvius' (right): at his worst

The transcendent touch of Turner

By Hubert de Santana

The exhibition of Joseph Mallord William Turner's watercolors, drawings and prints that opened this month at the Art Gallery of Ontario is modest by Turnerian standards 123 works executed between 1793 and 1845—68 watercolors, 10 drawings and 45 prints by or after Turner It's a small selection of the work of a prolific artist whose output rivalled Picasso's (when he died in 1851 he left 500 oils and 20,000 watercolors and drawings), but this show is not a scattering of crumbs from the master's banquet table Several works—the majority are on loan from the Turner Bequest in the British Museum, and the Paul Mellon Collection at the Yale Center for British Art—have never been on public view before Collectively they offer proof, if any was needed, of Turner's stature as the greatest painter England ever produced

Hopefully, the excellence of the work on display will be appreciated despite the heavy-handed and misleading hype from the AGO, which may have raised public expectations to an unreasonable level The very title of the exhibition, *Turner and the Sublime*, is unnecessarily grandiose, and implies that there is more in the show than is actually there It seems self-defeating to focus on the sublime aspects of Turner's paintings in a show that contains none of his major oils, those refulgent canvases in which his lifelong quest for sublimity reached its most triumphant expression Andrew Wilton, organizer of the show, defends the title "I feel that the sublime is a good peg on which to hang this show, because it immediately puts Turner into the perspective of 18th-century esthetic theory I don't think you can understand him without having that sort of context"



Wilton defines the Sublime in general terms as "anything that significantly raises the mind to a more exalted state than its usual one The glory of God, the splendor of nature, the grandeur of man's achievements—all of these at various times have been called sublime." This is a vague, abstract notion, and though Wilton substantiates his hugely erudite essay written for the show's handsome catalogue by quoting authorities from the ancient Greek Longinus to the 18th-century parliamentarian Edmund Burke, we are left with no clear definition of the Sublime as it was understood by writers and artists in Turner's day As Turner once remarked 'Art's a rum business!"

One emerges with relief from the thickets of Wilton's prose to confront the visual language of the pictures, which is lucid, eloquent and profound The show is saved by Turner's transcendent ability, anything by his hand is worth seeing One of the virtues of this exhibition is that its nine sections allow one to gauge the evolution of Turner's thought and style His mind was insatiably curious, and the pictures in the show reflect the dizzying range of his interests the movement of tides and currents, the geometry of architecture, the structure of light. His technique was just as various watercolor washes broad and transparent, or opaque and turbulent, with his hacking and scratching at the paper in a creative frenzy, scraping out highlights with a knife, a brush handle or his own "eagle claw of a thumbnail " This last instrument was used for scratching out the feathery spray in *The Upper Fall of the Reichenbach: Rainbow* (1810)

Turner was a consummate master of watercolor and his technique was revolutionary—he extended the limits of a difficult and unforgiving medium, and his achievement has never been equalled, let alone surpassed. Born on Maiden Lane, behind Covent Garden, in 1775, he had hardly any formal education. His father was a barber and wigmaker who later did studio chores for his son Billy Turner's precocity as an artist won him admission to the Royal Academy Schools at 14, at 27 he was elected a full member of the Royal Academy, and went on to become professor of perspective Turner, the giant of European romanticism, was a gnarled gnome of a man, with plain features and keen grey eyes His personality remains elusive, he was taciturn, reclusive and stingy, living frugally long after the sale of his pictures had made him wealthy His mother was incurably insane, and this may have inhibited him from marrying Nevertheless, he did have at least two liaisons with women, one, with Sarah Danby, produced two daughters But Turner reserved his passion for his art His lack of interest in people could explain the relish with which he depicted them drowned at sea or huddled in thunderstorms In many of his landscapes and cityscapes, the pictures teem with human figures, but they are of no more significance than insects in a garden.



Turner, 'Indistinctness is my forte'

In his search for subjects, however, Turner's energy was indefatigable. He crisscrossed England, Wales, Scotland and continental Europe, making hundreds of drawings which he later worked into finished paintings, relying on his freakish visual memory for details He was 44 when he visited Italy for the first time and experienced the liberating effects of Italian light, which burned away the northern mists from his painter's eye. His pictures became pearly and opalescent, many of them suffused with the golden light that became his hallmark In turn, while they sold for high prices, the works were derided by the critics, who thought him mad, or suffering from some rare disease of the mind and eye His landscapes had progressed from imitations of French masters such as Claude Lorrain to luminous prophecies of impressionism and abstract expressionism When told that an American buyer had complained that a certain painting was "indistinct," Turner retorted, "Indistinctness is my forte "

These later landscapes represent Turner at his best when he had abandoned the self-conscious striving after grand effects by orchestrating rainbows and lightning bolts *Eruption of Vesuvius* (1817) shows Turner at his worst, his beautiful poetic visual language degenerated into bombast Some of the etchings and mezzotints in the show, such as *The Tenth Plague of Egypt* (1816), are like sets from a Cecil B De Mille biblical epic But the later series of lakes, cities and seascapes confirms that indistinctness was, indeed, his forte. *Heidelberg, Looking West With a Low Sun* (1844) has the economy and grace of a landscape by a Chinese master Buildings and people are sketched in delicately with the point of a brush, against a limpid yellow and pink sky Similarly, his view of *Lausanne: Sunset* (1841) shows the red prongs of a spire and cathedral bell tower stabbing into an orange sky, while the people emerge from a red-gold mist as if from soft clay on which God has breathed There is an exquisite painting of *Lake Lucerne: The Bay of Uri From Above Brunnen* (1842) in which mountains and water dissolve into each other in a shimmering vortex of blue light. The iridescence of sky, mountains and water is achieved with the subtlest washes and undertones, and the mood is one of timeless serenity. It is easy to understand why Turner's arch-rival John Constable once asked a friend "Did you ever see a picture by Turner, and not wish to possess it?"



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THE LETTERS OF EVELYN WAUGH
Edited by Mark Amory
(McGraw-Hill Ryerson $43.95)

In 1946 a Mrs. Reeve of *Life* magazine wrote to British satirical novelist Evelyn Waugh to inform him of a photo-feature the magazine planned. Her good tidings received a prompt response from Waugh: "I have read your letter of yesterday with curiosity and reread it with compassion. I am afraid you are unfamiliar with the laws of my country. The situation is not that my co-operation is desirable, but that my permission is necessary, before you publish a series of photographs illustrating my books. I cannot find any phrase in your letter that can be construed as seeking permission.

"You say 'Without consulting you the project will be like blind flying.' I assure you it will be far more hazardous. I shall send a big blue incorruptible policeman to look you up and the only 'monumental' work Mr. Scherman is likely to perform is breaking stones at Dartmoor (our Zing Zing)."

Evelyn Waugh was the best of the set known as the Bright Young Things that fluttered about Oxford undergraduate life in the 1920s. Well-bred and unencumbered by any sordid considerations of need, they elevated the theatrical into a way of life long after they had come down from Oxford. In between endless dinner parties and extravagant attention to dress and decor, they practised a curious sort of homoeroticism, played with extremes of ideology and religiosity and, always, paid tribute to the muses. Some even embraced them, fitfully, like John Betjeman, Cyril Connolly and Anthony Powell. But it was Evelyn Waugh who became this period's sardonic chronicler in such novels as *Decline and Fall* and *Brideshead Revisited*, its telltale in his *Diaries* (published posthumously in 1976) and now, in this first collection of his letters, the compleat example of the strengths and limitations of Oxford dandyism.

Style, insouciance and a belief in the aristocratic ideal were all a part of the dandy esthete. Waugh could combine all this and still find room to be unpleasant. "Thank you very much," he wrote to Connolly upon receiving Connolly's new book. "It was too self-effacing of



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you to refrain from inscribing it. No doubt you thought I would pass it on as a handsome Christmas present to an aunt." He could create a world with an anecdote. "Yesterday I went to Oxford to lecture to the Papist undergraduates who were mostly Asiatic women. A very polite gentle young man got up at the end and said 'I should like to ask Mr. W. whether it is true, as we are always being told, that we are much stupider and less cultured and amusing than undergraduates were in his day' and I had to say 'Well yes it is' and he said very sadly 'I thought so' and sat down."

Waugh's friends remained the smart set to the end, irrespective of political or cultural conflicts. Waugh loathed socialism and mass culture but the bulk of his correspondence was to people who embraced these ideas—provided they otherwise shared Waugh's background and tone. "I was astounded that you take it in," he wrote to socialist Nancy Mitford, speaking of the left-wing paper the *New Statesman*. "I read Eddie [Sackville-West] describing the use of the word 'brothel' on the wireless as 'a refreshing experience which spoke eloquently of the intelligence, sanity and good feeling of ordinary people' [...] I have been haunted by the image of Eddie sitting night after night beside his loudspeaker with strained face waiting for the word 'brothel.' At last his vigil is rewarded and his faith in the decency of common humanity is restored. [...] You are all stark mad in London."

But while Waugh could so accurately deplore the trendiness of society about him, he was not without his own smart-set blind alleys. Though his letters span two world wars and the great Depression and are postmarked from Addis Ababa to Baltimore, the reader has no sense of the enormous social and moral conflicts he was observing. One comes perilously close to the feeling that he and his friends disliked the Nazis only

Waugh ideology, intellect, drunken nights



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because they had bad table manners. In the end, the culture of Waugh's circle became so ingrown, so terribly clever, feeding upon its own style and manners, that it limited itself to drawing-room art. Significantly, those few writers who were exceptions to this and acquaintances of Waugh, such as Graham Greene, George Orwell and Arthur Koestler, never became part of his circle. Even Waugh's fanatical Roman Catholicism seemed only to mirror the need of so many of his peers for some sort of ready-made ideology to fill empty souls. Waugh saw the vulgarities of what didn't matter as did Oscar Wilde, but unlike Wilde he never tried to work out for himself what did matter. He chose to buy his values prepackaged in the Catholic store.

The letters mesmerize readers with the insight of a great wit, but great art requires something more than ideology, a keen intellect and drunken evenings at White's. "I said to the butler I should like another glass of champagne wine if you please and he said Ho would you & picked me up like a doll & carried me downstairs & threw me into a cab where who should be lying asleep but Lord S of A. So he and I went to an underground place with some tarts . . . So we went home with them and they said Mum will be so pleased to see you & Mum came in and began talking like Mr. Connolly about the influence of Gide on Claudel (two horrible frogs) so I went home but Lord S of A talked about Gide-Claudel until 1.30 am, no f----- but some beer. So you see London is very tiring." What a waste.

Barbara Amiel

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

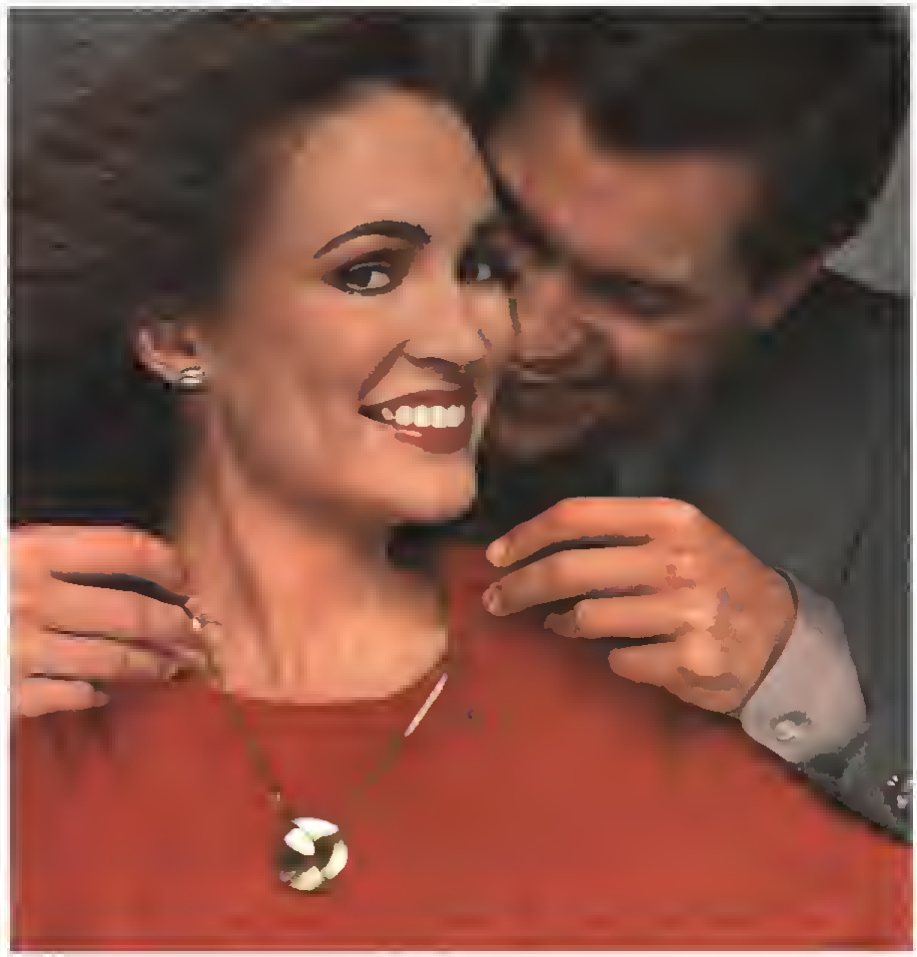
1. **The Covenant, *Michener* (1)**
2. **Fireseterter, *King* (2)**
3. **Tha Key to Rebecca, *Follett* (3)**
4. **Joshua Then and Now, *Richler* (4)**
5. **Rage of Angels, *Sheldon* (5)**
6. **Fanny, *Jong* (6)**
7. **Periscopa Red, *Rohmer* (7)**
8. **Athabasca, *Maclean***
9. **The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum* (8)**
10. **Lzon Laka, *Doctarow* (10)**

NONFICTION

1. **The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, *Berton* (1)**
2. **Tha Second Harmen Treasury, *Unger* (2)**
3. **The Northern Magua, *Gwyn* (8)**
4. **Catch Me if You Can, *Abagnale* (6)**
5. **Battle of Britain, *Deighton***
6. **Discipline of Power, *Simpson* (3)**
7. **James Herriot's Yarkshira, *Herriot* (4)**
8. **The Sky's tha Limit, *Dyer* (9)**
9. **How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation (ravisad adition), *Shulman* (5)**
10. **The Third Wava, *Toffler* (10)**

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DON McCULLIN

Pilgrim to the front line of torture and torment

Don McCullin is a distinguished collector of war and famine, possibly the greatest disaster photographer of our time Over the past 16 years, he has shot in Cyprus (his first war assignment), Vietnam, Africa, Northern Ireland, India, Bangladesh, Israel and Lebanon There are few centres of horror he hasn't visited Even if he's not assigned to them by the London *Sunday Times*, *The Observer* or *Paris Match*, he seeks them out—like Mother Teresa's House of the Dying in India which he visited with his camera in 1970 just because it interested him He is the chronicler par excellence of war torture and torment, hunger and the dispossessed

His subject matter—all the profound suffering of the human condition—gives him an uneasy edge on the consciences and emotions of his viewers Some might say an unfair advantage But the exhibition of 120 McCullin photographs now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, England (and due to travel to North America in April) proves that McCullin is more than the punch of his subjects, that he is in fact an extraordinarily eloquent, compelling and artful master of the camera.



Starving children (1970) eloquent emotion

Turkish fighters in Cyprus (1964) a kit bag of horrors to appall the comfortable

At 45, he is the best-known news photographer in Britain His images have formed our mental pictures of certain events, they're the visible scars of the past 15 years "When I saw Biafran or Vietnamese kids, I always thought about my own kids at home, fat and happy with plenty of porridge and love," McCullin says "It would be criminal to keep quiet about it." His work is explosively angry and his show unashamedly sets out to get the viewer angry too John le Carré, who has written the introduction to *Hearts of Darkness*, the book that accompanies the exhibition, describes McCullin as "a communicator of the world's worst agonies, a pilgrim to the front line of human suffering, returning with his kit bag of horrors to appall the comfortable, the wilfully blind and the unknowing" "I've been there," says McCullin His first photographs, such as *Guv'nors of the Seven Sisters Road*, a portrait of the gang he belonged to in the late 1950s, were pictures of the tenement heart of Finsbury Park in North London where he grew up His early studies



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death, the down-and-out (sometimes shouting obscenities), loneliness and the inner city echo some of his works today. He's still fascinated with mutilation and deprivation, especially of children.

McCullin's media are the black and white newspaper and the color pages of magazines. His imagery is forceful. It has to be to compete with advertising. Although he says he uses a camera "like a toothbrush—it does the job," this is art, only here the creative process is behind the lens. The subjects are so overwhelming that the viewer hardly notices the classical composition and



McCullin: trying to get the viewer angry

sculptural effect of the figures. McCullin prints his work dark, with certain areas out of focus, a form of visual poetry that helps to focus on the real subject. And he prints all his work himself, unusual for a photojournalist of Fleet Street.

The exhibition has already been criticized: news reportage has one impact in a magazine, another when distanced on the walls of a museum. But the Victoria and Albert curators *expect* the show to generate criticism—they feel that McCullin's work is applied art, and that's what their museum is about. McCullin himself doesn't know about "art" and sounded a little tired of controversy. "I'd like to just go off somewhere and do landscapes for a while." But his taste for documenting life on the edge prevailed, two days after the show opened he was off to the North Sea to shoot the hard days and nights of the crew of an oil rig.

Joan Murray



'The Ziggy Effect' (left); Stephan Walsh and Stephen Hair in 'Generations': gold bracelets to grassroots

The sway of paper dollars over the paper wheat

By Mark Czarnecki

It's a dying opening-night tradition for the cast to party until dawn in drunken expectation of the morning editions with their fateful reviews. Few actors since the days when the Puritans inveighed against the theatre have had as sobering a read as Dennis Robinson after the recent opening at Theatre Network of his one-man show, *Twentieth Century Jig*. In the opinion of *Edmonton Sun* entertainment editor Brian Gorman, "The people responsible should be publicly flogged—at least that would be closer to entertainment . . ." Strangely enough, neither buggery nor bestiality are rampant in *Jig*, only meandering, occasionally inspired insights into the breakup of contemporary relationships, Alberta-style. Under its new artistic director, Andy Tahn, Theatre Network is now the only Edmonton theatre committed exclusively to the production of new Canadian plays—judging by the initial reaction from the local critical establishment, it will be a hard fight to keep out of the pillories.

Tahn's crusade to revitalize Canadian theatre, first mounted six years ago at Saskatoon's 25th Street Theatre, brings into abrasive focus the artistic and financial problems facing new theatres and unproduced playwrights in Alberta and Saskatchewan today. During his reign at 25th Street, Tahn approached Prairie sociopolitical issues from a populist perspective, using "collective" (non-scripted and collaborative) theatre techniques, now on a one-year sabbatical, the engagingly hyperactive Tahn feels that past successes like his classic *Paper Wheat* have made him too secure. Edmonton will provide a unique challenge. "Alberta and Canada are sitting in the lap of history," he says, "but there are no writers addressing the issues—there's no new work being done here that would last more than a month." Edmonton's current season seems to support his contention. Gerry Potter's Workshop West has a season of financially sound Canuck classics, Scott Swan's Northern Light Theatre is heading toward a Stratford-type summer festival, and The Citadel, under executive producer Joe Shoctor—with its notorious policy of mounting productions headed for Broadway—will present only one new Canadian work out of 11 in 1980-81.

Tahn, Kramer, Coleman, Shoctor (left to right): not all asleep in the lap of history



Despite Robinson's Rabelaisian nine-character performance, *Twentieth Century Jig* isn't going to spur other companies on to any immediate rescheduling. Its patchwork incompleteness only confirms Theatre 3's Keith Digby in his belief that "the playwright should get back to his typewriter—I'm against workshopping plays." Digby's emphasis is on proven contemporary works ("I like to think of Broadway as a tryout for Edmonton," he grins) mixed with modern interpretations of the classics—his controversial *Taming of the Shrew*, in which Petruchio makes Kate submit by employing brainwashing techniques, is the highlight of the Edmonton season so far. This formula is also being successfully applied at Saskatoon's Persephone Theatre by new artistic director Eric Schneider and at The Citadel, a trend-setter in its "commercial" approach to scheduling plays.

The Citadel may also set a trend in its handling of artistic directors—Shoctor and his board are considering eliminating the position entirely in the wake of recent nastiness surrounding the resignation of British thoroughbred artistic director Peter Coe. Gold bracelet dangling from wrist, autographed photo of Pierre Trudeau tucked safely away behind a bookcase, Joe Shoctor is The Citadel and The Citadel defends the business of art. Proud of his theatre's long-lived and efficient administration, he claims it can provide a liberating stability for guest directors on a play-by-play basis. But many fear that effective control of artistic decisions by money

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managers will reduce even further the growth of original indigenous theatre. In a time of subsidy freezes and inflation, the theatre office of the Canada Council has recognized this possibility and revised its granting policies to give top priority to Canadian content. Shoctor considers this a dangerous precedent. "More government funding leads to more government interference, which leads to more censorship and quotas about how many plays you produce that should be written by Canadians, for example, or by Red Chinese."

Shoctor's go-it-on-your-own approach fits in admirably with the Alberta government's grants policy—a matching dollar for every dollar raised from private individuals and corporations. No problem for a theatre with Shoctor's business connections and administrative staff, but an eternal round of door-knocking and knee-scraping for an unknown experimental company like Theatre Network. Alberta Theatre Projects climbed aboard the same fund-raising merry-go-round in 1975 after a season of "6 Great Canadian Plays" and a deficit of $122,000 coincided—but ATP has returned debt-free and thriving. Artistic director Douglas Riske nevertheless sees fine strings attached to corporate generosity. "With so many grant applications going before corporations, it's becoming more difficult for them to decide who to give to—in effect, they will become the arbiters of theatre tastes."

ATP's finances were also helped by de-emphasizing original Canadian plays, though the recent world premiere of *Generations*, a restrained inquiry into how-we-gonna-keep-'em-down-on-the-farm by firebrand playwright Sharon Pollock, may be an indicator of changes to come. With only two major theatres, ATP and Theatre Calgary, in town, competition for audiences is minimal. Both receive extensive community support and provide wide-ranging educational theatre as well as having launched nationally known local playwrights like Pollock, John Murrell and W.O. Mitchell. Both companies will get their just rewards when they each abandon their present restricted quarters for joint residency in the city's glittering new performing arts centre, scheduled for completion in 1984.

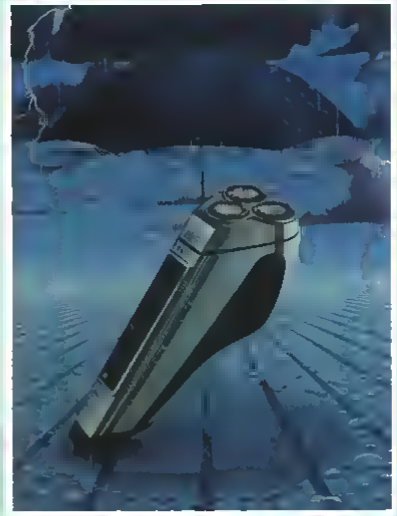


Kim McCaw (left) and Trudy Cameron in 'Drift', the concerns of the community

Regina's Globe Theatre also has a new theatre, but not without a prolonged struggle to convince funding bodies that they deserved it—only emotional appeals to their dedicated audiences won the day. Paradoxically, the Globe's past success was probably its worst enemy. Feelings still run strong in Saskatchewan that art is and should remain a grassroots phenomenon, with no distinctions drawn between amateurs and professionals like artistic director Ken Kramer, who founded the Globe 14 years ago. Both he and longtime playwright-in-residence Rex Deverell, whose latest work, *Drift*, recently opened the renovated old city hall, have a solid commitment to articulating the concerns of their community: last season's smash was *Medicare*, Deverell's innovative drama about the divisive introduction of provincial health insurance in the '60s. True to his mandate, Kramer flatly states that much of modern Canadian playwriting is too urbanly sophisticated to be relevant to his audience.

Back at the 25th Street Theatre, however, new artistic director Layne Coleman is charting a new course into the future with playwright Marc Diamond's *The Zuggy Effect*, an ultramodern dissection of the latest generation gap between aging '60s liberals and their hard-edged punk offspring. Touring the country with the theatre's previous homegrown products made the acerbic Coleman a nationalist. "We're trying to break out of the regionalistic frame of mind we helped create in the first place," he says ruefully. But the 25th Street style will remain much the same as under Andy Tahn. *Zuggy* is a classic example of how an original Canadian work can be collectively created, fine-tuned by a skilled playwright, produced by a small experimental theatre to international standards of acting skill and technical expertise *and* still be sponsored by a large corporation (Labatt's). There's obviously still hope for theatres in Alberta and Saskatchewan concerned with original work. In the words of Marc Diamond, "This is the future—we hope you like it."

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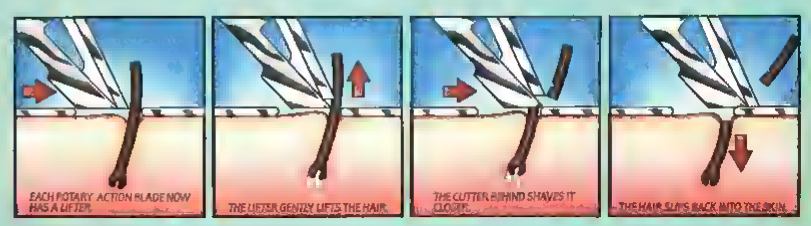
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Column

An all-day sucker signals the Sixties' last licks



By Allan Fotheringham

Oh dear. There goes another illusion. Another icon shattered, another heady dream dashed to the ground. There was a dreadful whoosh the other day just off Lake Ontario when the air was let out of the reputation of Toronto as the New Jerusalem of taste, the Maple Leaf branch plant of an incipient New York. Toronto, you see, had its civic election and, having sampled briefly the delights of innovation, plunged with relief back into the safe shoals of comfy conservatism. What Toronto did was change mayors, and it proved—thankful to those of us who feared its wayward sprint into progress—that what it was really comfortable with was chintz and soft chocolates after all.



ROY PETERSON

Toronto, you must understand, has luxuriated for two years under the leadership of John Sewell, one of those leather-jacketed urban guerrillas of the Sixties who was constantly in the headlines for saving doomed neighborhoods and outraging the pork-barrelling and potbellied old pols who felt city hall was a personal fief. Sewell, shrewdly noting that the residents of Tammany North were running out of civic medals, went out and bought a suit, trimmed his shaggy locks and astonished most everyone by sneaking into the mayor's chair. It was, it seems, too much. Toronto, twisting its toe in the gravel in embarrassment, has just ousted His Worship Trendiness in favor of an accountant by the name of Arthur Clarence Eggleton, whose favorite movie is *The Sound of Music*—because he likes "happy endings." There goes the reputation. Put the hold on the documentary. Toronto is back to being, well, *Toronto*.

The saga of our most self-conscious city's flirtation with onwardness is an interesting one. Toronto has been in danger for several years now of going blind from looking in the mirror. When its newspapers and self-congratulatory magazines have not been reprinting praise from awed refugees from Detroit's ghettos, they have been running endless photo displays of which CBC groupie throws the most arcane Cabbage town Sunday brunch or a list of the 10 sexiest undertakers. Those of us of modest mien, from the hinterland, have watched in wondering bewilderment and horror as to when this narcissist pit, this civic equivalent of Engelbert Humperdinck, was about to disappear down its own navel. Alas, the tragic moment came when these harbingers of the Eighties, the Toronto voters, were let loose in the polling booth and revealed that what they most want is an all-day sucker.

John Sewell made his basic mistake in being himself, a serious error for those wanting to get on in life. A middle-class kid, a lawyer, Sewell, like so many others of his background, was turned on to questioning the verities of authority by the events of the Sixties. Once in office, he foolishly followed through with the mandate on which he had been elected. He was a forerunner of *Kramer vs Kramer*, a single parent who bicycled with his small son while living openly with his lady, Charlotte Sykes. Toronto *loved* it. Sewell, at a time when there were clashes between police and the city's growing black population, questioned police methods and pushed for more civilian sway over police policy. The Toronto police are a militant group. He had a lobby against him from then on.

Poor Toronto. Gazing in the mirror, it admired what it had done in anointing a bicycling mayor. But it was like, well, *nervous*. There was that trip to Amsterdam. Sewell, as most tourists do when tripping through Amsterdam or Scandinavia, tripped along to a live sex show. (Your breathless agent tripped along to one in Stockholm last summer, when under the aegis of Mr. Trudeau, and promptly fell asleep midway through the first quarter, proving once again that while sex is many things it was never designed as a spectator sport.) The Toronto press, discreetly slavish, tried to niggle the public on that one. The public (aware of the current ground rules for trendiness) did not nibble. But it remembered. Finally, there was the Sewell endorsement of George Hislop, the 53-year-old aldermanic candidate who did not try to disguise the fact he was a card-carrying homosexual. Mr. Hislop's civic credentials are enough that he is an elected member of the Toronto Planning Board, and his domestic relationship is better than most (having lived with 18-year-old Ron Shearer for 22 years), but Sewell as mayor was not allowed the same tolerance as Sewell as individual Toronto, holding a newspaper over its head, voted.

Ah, there is Arthur Clarence Eggleton, accountant (what else?), budget chief of the city for eight years, painfully shy, a man who ran a campaign that even his friends described as "horrible." Did the forces of good emerge? In need of publicity, he was given a $125-a-plate fund-raising dinner at the Royal York (where else?) chaired by John Turner, the once and future Liberal king, and Alan Eagleson, the hockey hired gun who fancies himself as the next Tory prime minister of Canada. He campaigned for the safe lecterns of the Real Estate Institute of Canada. The prestigious *Globe and Mail* supported Sewell. Alas, no avail. Poor Toronto, so eager for innovation but so cautious. *The Sound of Music!*

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.



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